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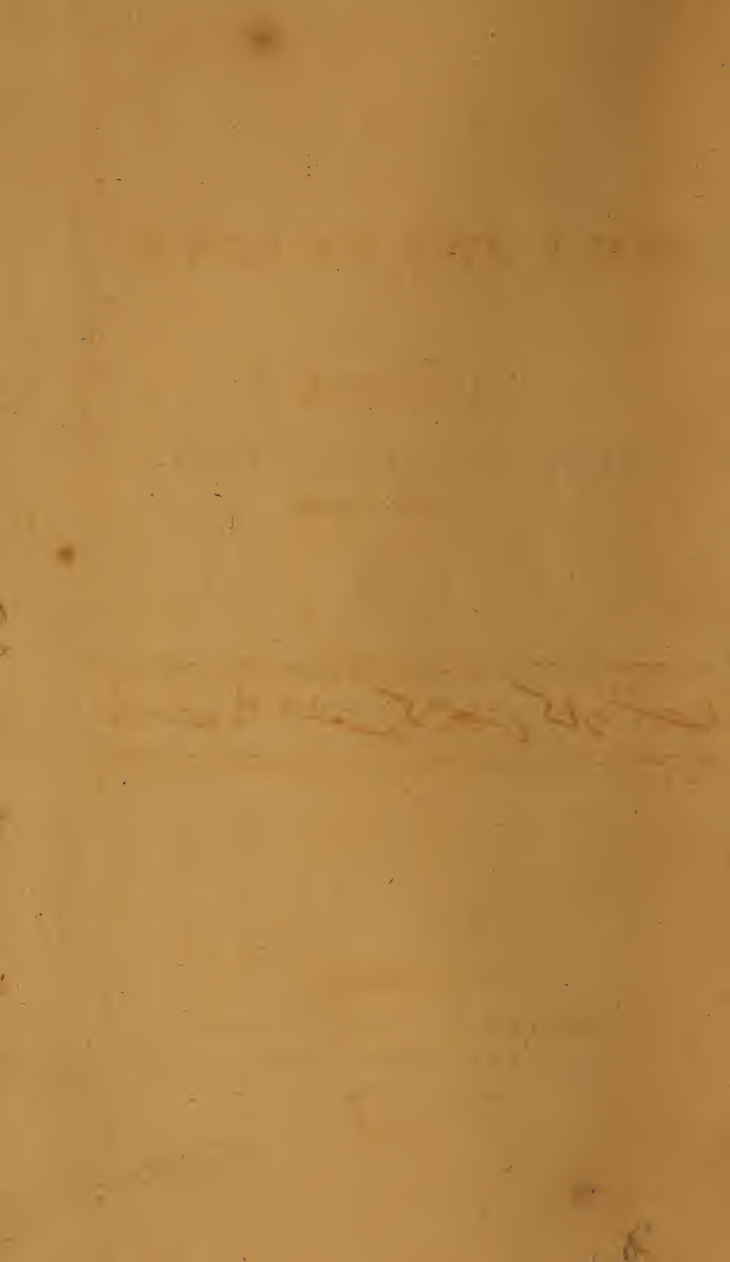




THE
SORROWS OF LOVE,

A POEM,

IN THREE BOOKS.



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EDINBURGH, 1st MAY 1801.

THE
SORROWS OF LOVE.



BOOK I.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Subject proposed.—Inscribed to the PRINCESS of WALES.

—The Poem opens with an account of the residence and character of Leander.—His address to the Queen of Love.

—Enlivening influence of Love on his views and rural songs.

—Felicity of virtuous Love.—Description of his rural bower, and the inscription on it.—His rural employments and literary studies.—Pleasures of mental improvement.—His travels, and remarks on men and manners.—Vanity of human pursuits.—Influence of female Beauty on human happiness and improvement.—Leander's attachment to Fancy.—Account of Lucy, and her rural amusements in the Grove of Wolga.—Her accidental meeting with Leander productive of mutual Love.—His parting address.—Meeting with her again in the arbour, he discloses his passion, and, receiving encouragement, vows perpetual attachment.—Character of Lucy.

—Her mother's instructions for female conduct.—Leander enamoured of Lucy, renounces the visions of Romance, in his farewell address to Fancy.—Disquietudes and pleasing cares of Love.—Happiness of Love when sincere and constant.—Dismal effects of inconstancy illustrated by the story of Charlotte, with which the Book concludes.

THE
SORROWS OF LOVE.

BOOK I.

FROM tender LOVE what fatal sorrows spring,
What hapless woes, and direful ills, I sing.
The song, ye Muses, aid :—and let the strains
For ever bloom on fam'd BRITANNIA's plains.

Thou, whom the Virtues with each grace adorn, 5
Whose sprightly charms outshine the rising morn,
O lovely CAROLINE ! accept the lay,
And round the groves thy favouring smiles display ;

While loftier themes engage thy polish'd ear,
The rural sorrows gently deign to hear. 10

Deep in the shades of a sequester'd vale,
And far from cares which courtly haunts assail,
His humble bow'r a gen'rous swain had rear'd,
Where Nature's charms in all their bloom appear'd.
Around the grove, peace, joy, and plenty smil'd, 15
While pleas'd Content each labouring toil beguil'd.
No anxious cares disturb'd his peaceful breast;
No raging passions robb'd his soul of rest.
Pleasure, in vain, her tempting joys display'd,
And their false glare, Wealth and Ambition spread. 20
Calm and serene revolv'd each passing day,
His only care to sing the swain lay.
Allur'd by Science, and at ease reclin'd,
He courted Virtue, and her sweets refin'd:

His glowing heart the charms of Nature fir'd, 25
And Love's delights his tuneful song inspir'd.—
Soft as he warbled the melodious strain,
And sung the pleasures of Love's blissful reign,
In list'ning crowds the shepherds pour'd along,
And graceful virgins join'd the raptur'd throng : 30
Peace reign'd, hush'd were the winds, while ev'ry grove
Echo'd the sweets of innocence and love.
Ev'n NAR, enamour'd, slowly roll'd his stream,
And bade his nymphs resound the pleasing theme :
The pleasing theme, ye sylvan maids ! resume, 35
And let his lays retain eternal bloom.
Begin the song ;—recall the blissful scene ;
And sing his warblings to Love's beauteous Queen.

Hail, tender Love ! celestial Maid !

Whose gentle smiles awake delight ; 40

Who fondly cheer'd life's gloomy shade,

And, ever pleasing, charm'd the sight :

Come, heav'nly goddess ! leave the skies,

In all thy radiant beauties rise ;

And, while thy grateful joys I sing,

45

Come, and thy fair attendants bring.

Inspire my breast, and let my heart

With all thy tender raptures glow ;

Pour forth thy sweets, thy genial warmth impart,

And, joy diffusing, soothe each anxious woe.

50

Inspir'd by thee, no cares oppress,

Nor furious passions swell the soul ;

The heart expands with generous bliss,

And hours of transport smiling roll :

Fir'd by thy charms, the youthful breast

55

Scorns the inglorious joys of rest,

Courts Virtue's toils, a nobler aim,

And eager pants for laurell'd fame :

While thy mild influence breathes around,

What pleasures grace the sylvan bow'r ? 60

All Nature smiles—Joy's cheerful strains resound,

And ev'ry bosom feels thy pleasing pow'r.

But see!—the lovely Pow'r descends,

In all the charms of beauty crown'd ;

The Graces smile, Joy gay attends, 65

And Innocence shines bright around.

Lo ! Guilt retires, with Hate, Disdain,

And all the fierce malignant train ;

The vengeful Furies trembling fly,

While Love serene delights the eye : 70

Mark ! as the blooming Goddess smiles,

What tender thoughts the breast inflame ;

How Pity melts, how Love each care beguiles,
And fires to Virtue, Excellence, and Fame !

Sweet source of blifs ! celestial Love ! 75

Propitious hear thy suppliant's pray'r ;

So may'st thou shine enthron'd above,

And ev'ry heav'nly blessing share !

Be thou, and all thy pleasures mine,

Thy joys delicious, sweets divine ; 80

Inflame my heart, my soul inspire,

And ev'ry tender passion fire ;

Thy gentle influence round me spread,

And let each soft affection glow ;

Teach me to feel, the pitying tear to shed, 85

Distress to soothe, and light the gloom of woe.

And ever fir'd by thy bright charms,

Lead me to glory, peace, and ease ;

Still guard me from Guilt's dire alarms,

And give those joys which ever please : 90

And as I tread Life's mazy way,

Still let me feel thy gentle sway,

While some fond maid, mild and serene,

Awakes the Muse's softest strain.

Thus guided by Love's kind controul, 95

While scenes of pleasure round me rise,

Let all my days in peaceful rapture roll,

And heav'nly bliss be mine beyond the skies !

Thus sung LEANDER, in the dawn of youth,

When all is candour, innocence, and truth. 100

With favouring smiles the Goddess ey'd the swain,

And, pleas'd, assented to his artless strain.

As o'er the flow'rs the balmy zephyr blows,

Or darting sun-beams wake the opening rose,

So, o'er his breast the lovely Pow'r diffus'd 105
Her genial warmth, and all her sweets infus'd.
The valleys now a brighter form assume,
And blooming woodlands breathe a rich perfume ;
The flow'ry meads a lovelier aspect wear,
And sprightly virgins in new charms appear : 110
In fairer glow the face of Nature shines,
And all its shades enliven'd Life resigns.

Now nobler objects rouse his ardent breast,
Ease he disdains, and scorns ignoble rest :
His bosom glows with Honour's brightest fires, 115
Hope fills his soul, and Fame his heart inspires.
Now Virtue shines in charms divinely bright,
And scenes of Glory glad his ravish'd sight.
'Taste, led by Genius, Learning's haunts explores,
The Muses smile, and Science opes her stores : 120

By glory fir'd, at excellence he aims,
Love cheers his toils, and all his soul inflames.

To nobler themes he tunes his sylvan reed,
And with soft warblings fills the echoing mead.
Thrice happy state ! where Love with Virtue reigns,
And conscious Innocence sure peace maintains ! 126
Within the breast, no furious tumults swell,
No tempests rage, nor boist'rous storms assail :
Peaceful the day revolves, and calm the night;
No cares torment, nor guilty fears affright ; 130
No plan is form'd to tempt the midnight gloom,
Nor scheme devis'd to taint bright Virtue's bloom ;
No vicious thoughts to mean pursuits inflame ;
No crim'nal passions fire to deeds of shame.
In ceaseless joy the smiling hours roll on, 135
Pleas'd as they pass, and pleasing still when gone.

O 'envied joys ! beyond the reach of woe,
Which Love and Innocence alone bestow.

Hail, lovely Innocence ! thou pow'r divine,
Amid my wand'rings still around me shine ! 140
Whether along the rural meads I stray,
Or through the world's false windings urge my way ;
O let thy charms still cheer my ravished view,
Enlight my soul, and heartfelt bliss renew.
The paths of vice ne'er let me wilder'd range, 145
Nor thy calm peace for Guilt's sad joys exchange ;
Far from the haunts of guile, and false deceit,
Conduct my steps, and guide my wand'ring feet :
My toils still cheer, and, when life's trials close,
Raise me to climes where joy unceasing flows. 150

Thus would he sing the sweets of virtuous Love,
And urge the swains these blissful sweets to prove.

The charms of Nature also form'd his song,
Which, with pleas'd joy, fond Echo would prolong.
Lur'd by his lays the shepherds fought his bow'r, 155
And, circling round him, hail'd Love's soft'ning pow'r.

Deep in a grove this rural seat was plac'd,
Which Art adorn'd, and Fancy neatly grac'd;
Trees, shrubs, and flow'rs, in gay confusion bloom'd,
And fragrant gales the ambient air perfum'd; 160
Within this grot no foot unhallowed trode,
These sculptur'd verses guarding the abode.

Hail, rural Bow'r ! soft scene of pure delight,
In thy lov'd haunts what pleasures charm the sight?
Here Beauty shines, and Love benignant reigns, 165
Joy flows around, and Peace adorns the plains.
The Graces here for ever pleasing smile,
Content and Mirth the gliding hours beguile ;

Sweet Innocence arrays this calm retreat,
To Science sacred, and the Muses' feat. 170
Ye souls ! whom soft humanity inspires,
Here glows each virtue which your bosom fires,
Each nobler feeling, ev'ry gentler grace,
Here grateful join, and socially embrace.
Let Vice fly hence with all her kindred train, 175
Let her false joys ne'er taint this blooming plain :
Her sweets around let smiling Virtue pour,
And Bliss divine still glad this sylvan bow'r !

Far from the tow'ring haunts of purpled state,
And all the cares which glitt'ring pomp await, 180
Here he enjoy'd the charms of rural ease,
The sweets of Science, and the joys of Peace.
By Wisdom's lore, and Learning's page refin'd,
To mend his heart, and grace his glowing mind,

With pleas'd delight he rang'd the Muses' feats, 185

Unlock'd their stores, and cropp'd their flow'ry sweets.

Oh, happy days ! when ev'ry hour that flies,

Unveils new charms, and nobler joys descries ;

Wide to the view the op'ning prospects rise,

And scenes still brighter strike the ravish'd eyes : 190

From blifs to blifs we mount up unconfin'd,

While endless progress waits the boundless mind.

But, fond to trace the scenes of active life,

The world behold, and mark its busy strife,

He quits the rural bow'r, and sylvan plain, 195

And wide expatiates the gay haunts of men.

Through states remote, and large domains he roams,

And ranges cities, towns, and courtly domes ;

The works of Nature and of Art he views,

Observes what Wisdom plans, and Toil pursues ; 200

Their laws, their manners, and their taste inspects,
Eyes their improvements, virtues, and defects ;
Each work of genius and of peace surveys,
And marks the useful, and what merits praise.

With men he mingles on the busy scene, 205
And marks their views, pursuits, and passions keen.
'Midst all the strugglings of the active mind,
He sees one leading aim still urge mankind :
In quest of bliss all ranks and orders rove,
And, where they place it, there they eager move. 210
On pleasure some their anxious wishes bend,
And through her thousand haunts their search extend.
While some on wealth their joys as fondly place,
And through eternal toils her treasures trace.
Others on grandeur and a mighty name 215
Fix all their bliss, and climb the steeps of Fame,

Pursue Ambition's car through crimson'd fields,
And Glory chase through Mis'ry's des'late wilds.

Ah ! vain the dreams which mortals keen pursue ;
Still they allure, and still elude the view. 220
Ev'n when at last we reach the wish'd-for prize,
It bursts in air, and mocks our wond'ring eyes.
And this fond bliss, this transient joy to gain,
What toils we combat, and what pangs sustain ?
How wise the few, who, tir'd with life's deceits, 225
Or early taught the choice, condemn its sweets ;
Its smiles and frowns with unconcern behold,
And tread the paths which conscious peace unfold ;
Fearless of change, in steady hope they move,
And patient wait th' eternal joys above. 230

Wide as he rang'd the varied realms around,
Beauty shone bright in all its graces crown'd.

Sweet did its smiles the tenderest cares impart,
Steal on the soul, and warm the raptur'd heart :
Its kindling glance deep pierc'd the glowing breast, 235
And the heav'd sigh its conqu'ring pow'r confess'd.
By beauty fir'd, each pure affection glows,
Soft pity melts, and mild compassion flows.
Its genial ray the feeling bosom warms,
And each fierce passion's furious rage disarms. 240
Love's tender flames in gentler rapture burn,
And all its ardours o'er the soul return.

Soft roll'd the hours on downy wings away,
When Spring awak'd the love-inspiring lay.
When op'ning flow'rs diffus'd their sweet perfume, 245
And bright'ning beauty flush'd the virgin's bloom :
In dazzling crowds the fair unveil'd their charms,
Grac'd the gay walks, and rais'd Love's soft alarms.

The artless maids each sweet attraction spread,
And with their lustre gladden'd ev'ry shade. 250

These scenes of beauty charm'd LEANDER's sight,
And ev'ry region brighten'd with delight ;
Where'er he roam'd, they spread joy's gladsome ray,
And Love's soft smiles illum'd his wand'ring way.

But fond to taste Life's ev'ry grateful sweet, 255
He woo'd ev'n Fancy in his lone retreat ;
Her airy haunts enamour'd would he trace,
Range her gay wilds, and her fond visions chase :
His studious cares oft would he pleas'd forego,
To share her joys, and mourn her tales of woe : 260
Oft would her nymphs enchant his sylvan bow'r,
Breathe soft delight, and wake Love's pleasing pow'r :
Sweet did their names re-echo through the plain ;
Sweet bloom'd their charms in the melodious strain ;

With joy he hail'd their gay romantic groves, 265
Smil'd as they fang, and wept their faithless loves.

From distant plains LEANDER now return'd,
With views enlarg'd, and polish'd arts adorn'd :
Retir'd from care, he liv'd in rural ease,
Belov'd by all, and anxious all to please. 270

The forms of Winter had now roll'd away,
And balmy zephyrs fan the length'ning day.
Her op'ning bloom now genial Spring unveils,
Awakes the buds, and paints with flow'rs the vales ;
The tuneful warblers sing on ev'ry spray, 275
And cheerful labour joins their gladsome lay ;
The blossom'd trees their scented fragrance yield,
And gales of odour fill the daïsied field :
The patient swains their yearly toils renew,
And scatter'd flocks their wonted walks pursue. 280

To taste the sweets, and breathe the rural air,
The sprightly virgins to the vales repair ;
On RONA's banks they crop the purple flow'rs,
Sport on its meads, and range its graceful bow'rs.
Here LUCY stray'd, to view the verdant plain, 285
LUCY, the glory of the virgin train :
WALHEIM's high groves had rear'd the beauteous maid,
Where long her charms had blest'd the peaceful shade.
Each lovely grace adorn'd the blooming fair,
Which Beauty gives, or sweetness can confer : 290
Reason controul'd her gay enlighten'd mind,
Matur'd by judgment, and by taste refin'd ;
Her heart, pure as her form, with virtue glow'd,
And Innocence her loveliest charms bestow'd.

Mild was the morn, and sweet the fragrant gale, 295
Joy breath'd around, and Music cheer'd the vale,

When graceful LUCY, with the rural maids,
Sought WOLGA's grove, and roam'd the flow'ry shades.
Through fragrant wilds the sportive damsels stray,
And fill the woodlands with the vocal lay. 300
The warbling birds their cheerful notes restrain,
And list'ning Echo glad repeats the strain ;
In rural sports they trace the winding greens,
Climb the steep hill, and hail the bright'ning scenes.
Fatigued at last, they seek the arbour's shade, 305
Where woodbines round their breathing fragrance spread,
Where jasmine, roses, and the lilacs twine,
And all the flow'rs of Summer's bloom combine.

Here, as the maids enjoy the cool retreat,
It chanc'd LEANDER fought the sylvan feat. 310
He hails the nymphs, and views, with wild surprise,
The lovely charms that strike his wond'ring eyes.

Not so amaz'd the Trojan fwain beheld,
When all their charms the goddeſſes unveil'd ;
Not ſo enraptur'd flood the fire of men, 315
When blooming EVE firſt brighten'd EDEN's plain,
As did the youth, when to his raviſh'd fight
The maid appear'd in grace and beauty bright.
He ſaw, he lov'd !—he heaves the tender ſigh,
O'er all his breaſt the kindling tranſports fly : 320
Sweet as ſhe ſmiles, his heart with rapture glows,
She ſpeaks, and Love his gladden'd ſoul o'erflows.

Nor did the maid, unmov'd, the youth behold,
A pleaſing langour o'er her boſom roll'd ;
His graceful form, and ſprightly converſe, charm'd, 325
And her fond heart with Love's ſoft ardours warm'd.

In glad ſurpriſe the moments roll along,
And new-felt joys the happy ſcene prolong :

Enamour'd more, as more he views the fair,
He glows with blifs, and feels his love-sick care ; 330
Each look, each word, increas'd delight inspires,
Love brighter burns, and kindling rapture fires.

In pleasing converse fled the swift-wing'd hour,
When, now refresh'd, the damsels quit the bow'r ;
As round they stray the gay parterres to view, 335
A while LEANDER from the maids withdrew.
Before they part, he leaves these artless lines
Trac'd by his pencil, and his heart resigns.

Should e'er Remembrance, with her busy train,
Wake in your bosom Love's delightful reign ; 340
Should Mem'ry e'er your former joys review,
And, Sorrow fled, each pleasing scene renew ;
Amid your blifs let one fond thought arise,
In dear remembrance of a lover's sighs.

Recall this scene, think on this blissful bow'r, 345

And muse transported o'er this parting hour.

Know, lovely maid ! a youth unknown to fame,

Once claim'd your heart, and felt Love's tender flame.

Unskill'd in vice, a stranger to deceit,

And nurs'd by Science in her calm retreat, 350

His glowing breast the generous virtues fir'd,

While ev'ry grace his feeling heart inspir'd ;

By chance conducted to your gentle arms,

He felt the force of your resistless charms :

He saw, he lov'd, the tender pain carefs'd, 355

And, mildly pleas'd, rever'd your faultless breast.

But, whither now ?—while wand'ring on his way,

He'll love to hear bliss glads each rolling day.

Should chance again conduct him to your sight,

His heart will feel its former pleas'd delight. 360

Should cruel fate his ardent wish deny,

Hear his farewell spoke with this parting sigh :

Let peaceful joy your days for ever crown,
Far hence be Grief, and Mis'ry's adverse frown ;
In all its charms may Love around you reign, 365
And Heaven's best sweets still grace your blooming plain !

Slow roll'd the hours, o'ercaft by Love's alarms,
When rifing morn difclos'd her rofy charms.
Deep on LEANDER's foul remains the maid,
And back he haftes to gain the grateful fhade. 370

Along the meads he fees the virgins ftay,
And with their luftre dim the blaze of day.
The charming maid LEANDER joyful hails ;
The fwain ſhe welcomes, but her tranſport veils :
In varied converſe on they fondly move, 375
And ſeek, well pleas'd, the ſacred bow'r of Love.

Here, as he breathes his pain, and am'rous care,
Her pitying soul relieves him from despair :
With looks of love she hears his fond request,
And with these accents soothes his gladden'd breast. 380

Be still discreet, each manly grace pursue,
Still cherish Love, and to your vows be true ;
Seek what is good, at excellence still aim,
Virtue revere, and court an honest fame ;
Deserve my love, still fly whate'er allures, 385
The time may come when you may call me yours.

But who can paint the mingled joys that roll,
In sweet confusion, o'er LEANDER's soul ?
Before the maid, o'erwhelm'd with bliss, he falls,
And speaks the feelings gratitude recalls. 390
Thy love to merit, and thy smiles to share,
Shall form my sole delight, my only care :

No love but thine my heart shall ever move,
To thee I vow, truth, constancy, and love !

Thus, as they pledge their vows, soft strains resound,
Sweet odours breathe, and Nature smiles around. 396
With heartfelt joy they leave Love's sacred bow'r,
Rejoin the maids, and bless the happy hour.

Among the nymphs in stately grace she moves,
As tow'rs the oak above the waving groves. 400
Fair was her form, divinely fair her mind,
Blest with each charm, and ev'ry grace refin'd.
Her bloom surpass'd the new-blown rose's glow,
Her heart was spotless as the mountain snow ;
Pure, as the crystal stream whose limpid tide 405
Reflects the flow'rs that paint its daïsied side ;
Mild, as the fragrance of Aurora's dawn,
When vernal show'rs bedew the lily'd lawn.

On RONA's banks the lovely maid still strays,
And all her beauties to the swain displays. 410
Endear'd by love, and with each other blest,
Peace round them smiles, and joy delights their breast.
Together oft they pass the livelong day,
Form plans to come, and sing their cares away:
New beauties still each rising morn disclose, 415
At each fond glance affection brighter glows.
In cheerful innocence they haunt the plain,
Pursue their toils, and court the sylvan reign.
Her charms in all awake the tender sigh,
And praises draw from each admiring eye. 420
Surrounding swains her favour strive to gain,
And sing her graces in the warbling strain.
So bright her charms, so mild her artless heart,
All eager vie their honours to impart.
Ev'n all the damsels of the virgin train, 425
Hail her, the pride and glory of the plain.

Taught by maternal care each female grace,
Which charms the heart, or decks the beauteous face,
In Virtue's paths her blameless course she holds,
Courts her fond toils, and all her sweets unfolds. 430
Deep on her soul were Wisdom's laws imprest,
And still these dictates fir'd her glowing breast.
Be wise, be good, each lovely grace attain,
Heav'n still revere, and Innocence retain.
With prudence act, preserve unfullied fame, 435
Strive to excel, and court an honour'd name.
All Ill condemn, fly far Temptation's snare,
Keep well thy heart, and walk with watchful care.
Be pure, be chaste, each modest grace revere ;
These crown the virgin, and each charm endear. 440
Let Caution guide, let Virtue guard the fair,
From Art, Deceit, and Pleasure's guileful snare ;
Distrust mankind, heed not what Flatt'ry says,
Left grief and infamy consume thy days.

Now, LUCY's charms, LEANDER's lays refound, 445
And LUCY's name the woodlands echo round.
Each rolling day her beauties brighter shine,
And all the nymphs their radiant smiles resign.
Ev'n Fancy charms no more, her visions fly,
And her gay virgins mount the dazzling sky. 450
He leaves her haunts, forfakes her airy crew,
And to her pleasures sings this last adieu.

Too long, O Fancy ! have I own'd thy sway,
And thoughtless haunted thy romantic streams ;
To nobler scenes fair Virtue points the way, 455
False are thy charms, and vain thy golden dreams !

What now avail the joys I strove to gain !
Fled are the hours, and where my anxious toils ?
Oh, how I long to range bright Glory's plain,
Climb her steep paths, and share her envied spoils ! 460

Farewell, gay scenes !—romantic shades, farewell !

No more, bewilder'd, through your groves I'll stray ;
Heave the soft sigh, the mournful tale bewail,
Nor follow Vice, to shun her guileful way.

Life teems with bliss, though mis'ries still attend, 465

Why then indulge in Fancy's gilded scene ?

Court Virtue's smile, and Love's wide wish extend,

Hear Sorrow mourn, and cheer Grief's drooping mien.

Joyous I haste along those haunts to roam

Where sweets delicious never cease to please, 470

To climb the steep that leads to Fame's gay dome,

And rise to glory, excellence, and ease.

And you, fair nymphs ! romantic maids !—adieu !

Whose charms first fir'd my heart, and wak'd my song,

Whose graces still the tenderest thoughts renew, 475

Steal on my soul, and Love's fond cares prolong.

In Youth's gay dawn, when from the world retir'd,

I saw you bloom, and pleasure blest'd the grove ;

Sweet did ELOISA* shine, the soul bright WESTERN* fir'd,

WALTON* soft smil'd, and JULIA* charm'd to Love.

What joys, O JULIA ! does thy name impart ? 481

Why heaves my bosom with the tenderest sighs ?

I wish'd thy charms should grace my love's fond heart,

And all my JULIA in her beauties rise.

Adieu, sweet nymphs !—farewell, my fav'rite maid ! 485

Your names no more shall grace my fylvan strain ;

* See these characters beautifully delineated in the fictitious writings of Messrs. Rousseau, Fielding, Mackenzie, Goethe, &c.

A lovelier maid, in all your charms array'd,

Now fires my heart, and wakes Love's gentlest reign.

Sweet as ELOISA blooms each soft delight,

Sprightly as CHARLOTTE* glows her gen'rous mind,

As HARRIET* mild, she shines like ANNA bright, 491

Tender as JULIA, gentle, always kind.

How vain, O Fancy ! all thy flatt'ring dreams !

Where now the visions valued once so high ?

A lovelier maid ne'er trode thy haunted streams, 495

A gentler breast ne'er heav'd the pitying sigh.

Hail, lovely maid ! who sweetly charm'd my heart,

What pleasing transports wait thy favour'd smile ?

Inspire my soul, thy softest joys impart,

Reign in my breast, and all my cares beguile. 500

* See Note on former page.

Come, tender Love ! inspire my rural strain,
And let her name the smiling vales resound ;
Let Mirth and Joy adorn the blissful plain,
And Virtue shed her blooming sweets around.

Come, gentle Peace !—ye Muses ! swift descend, 505
And charm with Innocence the rolling hour ;
Come, sweet Content !—ye Graces, mild, attend !
And cheer with Friendship my gay vernal bow'r.

There, soft reclin'd, I'll sing Love's grateful sway,
Fair Science court, and all her stores unfold ; 510
Fir'd with her charms, I'll tread Fame's glorious way,
And, rais'd to bliss, roll back the age of gold.

Charm'd with the beauties of the smiling maid,
Our groves shall shine like Fancy's airy bloom,

Around us Spring her flow'ry sweets shall shed, 515

And bliss divine still light life's mazy gloom.

—Yet still bloom fair, ye airy scenes, still shine,

Enchanting maids, your beauties still display ;

To soothe despair, let each gay charm combine,

And cheer the hopeless Lover's lonesome way. 520

What if the scenes, which now so sweetly smile,

Should with false visions mock my ravish'd fight?

Should faithless Love with treach'rous arts beguile,

And, Hope extinguish'd, blast each fond delight?

Should my lov'd maid these artful wiles pursue, 525

Should that fond heart, which I adore, deceive?

What smiling charms could please my joyless view?

What dreams but thine, sweet Fancy! could relieve?

To thy gay haunts I then should wand'ring stray,
And cheerless join thy love-lorn hapless train ; 530
I'd fly the wilds where Falseness winds his way,
And JULIA'S smile should soothe my anxious pain.

To Love, now Fancy yields her gentle sway,
Hope sweetly smiles, and Pleasure gilds the day.

What though Deceit and Falseness's treach'rous train,
Oft mar the joys of Love's delightful reign ; 536
Though sad Despair, and Disappointment's gloom,
Cloud each bright scene, and blast each beautiful bloom;
Though rivals vex, and jealous cares oppress,
And chang'd affection rouse unknown distress ; 540
Though ceaseless ills, and unexpected woes,
O'erwhelm the soul, and banish heart repose :
Yet joys unnumber'd cheer the am'rous swain,
His is soft anguish and transporting pain :

His fair one's smile each low'ring gloom dispells, 545
Stills ev'ry tumult, and each pang repells.
In her fond arms he loses ev'ry care,
And, on her bosom, smiles at fell despair.

Happy the state, when souls congenial burn
With mutual fires, and love for love return. 550
When each new day Love's growing charms beholds,
New blifs imparts, and new delights unfolds.
How blest the fate, when Prudence guides the flame
Which Beauty kindles, and the Loves inflame ;
When rob'd in truth, and softness void of art, 555
The Lovers feel the tender, constant heart :
Then Blifs descends—Love's sweetest raptures warm—
Peace beams around—and fled is each alarm.

But Peace at times the spotless bosom flies,
And her calm joys ev'n Innocence denies. 560

Amid the groves, where TUMMEL gently flows,
Retir'd in peace, the blooming CHARLOTTE rose.
Each comely grace her blameless breast array'd,
And ev'ry charm adorn'd the lovely maid.
Here fair she rose, far from the world's alarms, 565
In Beauty's bloom, and Virtue's graceful charms.
Tall as the pines which grace the mountain's side,
Stately she shone, of RANNO's maids the pride.
So shines the ev'ning star with lucid blaze,
'Mid Heav'n's bright orbs that gleam with twinkling rays.
Pure was her bosom as her native stream, 571
Tender and soft as day's departing beam.
In her mild looks, bright shone the feeling heart,
Her eyes beam'd love, and sweetness void of art.
Beyond the rural toils, she knew no care ; 755
Beyond the vales, no joys she wish'd to share.
Pleas'd with the shades, she sought not fam'd renown ;
Riches she scorn'd, nor envied grandeur's crown.

As 'mid the wilds the lily blows unseen,
Or blooms the violet on the desert green, 580
Retir'd she liv'd, content, unvex'd with care,
By all belov'd, nor gloried she was fair.

As youth roll'd on, her graces charm'd the swains,
Inspir'd their love, and wak'd their softest strains.
But, void of guile, no proud regard she claim'd, 585
Nor felt a wish which Innocence condemn'd.
Mild as the morn, as op'ning snowdrops sweet,
She knew no art, she trembled at deceit.
Her gentle smiles still cheer'd the drooping breast,
Bade Hope still bloom, and lull'd each care to rest. 590
Sweet hours of bliss!—why fly with fatal haste?
Why spread delight?—why vanish ere we taste?

Long had her charms the peaceful bow'rs adorn'd,
And, fraught with joy, each smiling morn return'd;

When, at the last, a treacherous lover came, 595

Before her bow'd, and own'd a tender flame.

With sighs and vows, his guileful arts he plied,

And feign'd a passion which his soul denied.

She heard, she pitied, and, to ease his mind,

To Love she yielded, and her heart resign'd. 600

Her love he gain'd—but, dead to Pity's glow,

Forfook her charms, and left her plung'd in woe.

Now grief conceal'd, her love-lorn heart oppress'd,

Joy fled her soul, and peace forfook her breast.

Unseen, alone, she pin'd the livelong day, 605

And, pierc'd by love, consum'd in cares away.

From her pale cheek, the lovely roses fled,

The lilies droop'd, and ruin round her spread.

Alone, unseen, she sought the fatal grove,

Where first her bosom heav'd the sighs of love; 610

There, all unheard, she rais'd her plaintive moan,
Which soften'd oaks, and made the hills to groan.
Ev'n rocks relented at her forrowing pains,
And pitying mountains echo'd to her strains.

Devour'd by cares, she fled the vernal bow'rs, 615
Forgot the song, and shunn'd her favourite flow'rs ;
To Love a prey, she life's soft joys resign'd,
And, sunk in grief, in sadd'ning sorrow pin'd.
To weep her woes, and soothe her wounded breast,
The nymphs throng'd round her as she lay distressed : 620
But, ah ! all-conqu'ring Love who can disarm ?—
What balm can heal ?—what pow'r its sorrows charm ?
Their tears she mark'd ;—ah ! what can tears avail ?
And, sighing, thus address'd her last farewell.

By CHARLOTTE warn'd, take heed, ye virgins fair,
Of Love take heed, of flatt'ring swains beware. 626

By a false heart, here drooping low I lie,
By Love consum'd, in bloom of youth I die.
Why did I listen to his artful sighs?
Why heed the anguish of his streaming eyes? 630
Ah! had I known, ere Pity mov'd my soul,
That Love would rage with such uncurb'd controul,
I'd steel'd my bosom 'gainst the fatal dart,
Nor lost my peace, when I resign'd my heart.
Ah! happy days—when Love was yet unknown, 635
Roll back, ye hours!—oh! why for ever flown?—
Vain wish!—Love rends my heart—clouds dim my view,
Farewell, lov'd maids!—ah, fatal Love!—adieu.
She sunk—she fell—the crimson fled—she sigh'd,
Her eye-lids clos'd—she bow'd her head and died. 640

By blooming maids, her fun'ral rites were paid,
Her graceful tomb by blooming maids was made;

By blooming maids, her urn each year is strown
With flow'rs that blow where CHARLOTTE mourn'd alone.
For there the Spring its earliest sweets unfolds, 645
And Autumn there its latest blooms beholds.
Oft round her grave the nymphs and shepherds range,
To plight their loves, and mutual vows exchange :
Here slighted swains and love-lorn damsels rove,
But Guile nor Art dare haunt the hallow'd grove. 650

In peace, sweet maid, for ever rest !—and long
May thy bright virtues grace the virgin's song.
Thy hallow'd grove may Falsehood ne'er invade,
Nor Guilt e'er stray where sleeps thy sacred shade !
O'er thy green Tomb may Virtue drop the tear, 655
And Beauty still thy graceful charms revere.
While TUMMEL flows, and RANNO's lake runs pure,
May CHARLOTTE's sorrows and her name endure !

THE
SORROWS OF LOVE.

BOOK II.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Poem proceeds to state the pleasing effects of mutual Love.

—Instability of human enjoyments.—The happiness of Leander interrupted by various changes; and, as these form a continued series, the progress of the Poem is a delineation of the effects of Love from its origin through its subsequent stages.—His address to Hope, in the dawn of Love.—His feelings, when at a distance, described in his address to Absence.—His return to Wolga, and Song to Success.—His ungracious interview with Lucy.—Account of her infidelity, and approaching nuptials with Mirando.—Leander's address to Disappointment.—Dismal consequences of hopeless Love.—His address to Despair.—Withdrawing from the scenes of Love, he gives way to melancholy sadness.—Solitary musings.—Momentary dreams of Delight.—Delusions by Night.—His meeting, in the vale of Golconda, with the hermit Alonzo.—His affecting story.—Concluding with reflections on the infelicity of criminal Love, and the pleasurable feelings of a well regulated life, even in the midst of disappointment.

THE
SORROWS OF LOVE.

BOOK II.

AS rising morn dispells the shades of night,
Cheers drooping nature, and inspires delight ;
The flow'rs, refresh'd, their fragrant sweets resume,
And fields dew-sprinkled breathe a mild perfume ;
In warbling strains the tuneful birds rejoice, 5
And glad Creation wakes her grateful voice ;
Through earth and air the cheerful notes resound,
And joy and gladness brighten all around :
So LUCY's smile with joy LEANDER fires,
Charms his fond heart, and Love's soft cares inspires. 10

Through all his breast the pleasing passion spreads,
Cheers ev'ry toil, and sweets delicious sheds.
Soft fly the hours, the days in rapture roll,
And scenes of transport swell his ravish'd soul.

When Love is new, and Beauty deigns to smile, 15
Bliss wide expands, and dreams of joy beguile.
Bright shines the morn, the ev'nings soft decline,
And circling seasons all their sweets combine.
O, days of bliss ! too pleasing long to last !
How swift they fly—how soon we mourn them past ! 20
Hard fate of man !—in peace we smile to day,
Indulge fond hope—and op'ning joys survey.
Next day that rolls beholds our pleasures gone,
Our prospects blasted, and our hopes undone,

To generous Love the ardent vow ascends, 25
And all his cares the tuneful Muse attends ;

But while the hours of pleasing rapture roll,
Love's changing scenes deep pierce LEANDER's soul.
Though fair it blooms, can hope secure from care,
Charm disappointment, or preclude despair? 30
Sing then, each varying change, each mournful theme,
Which sweet he sung by RONA's blissful stream.
Love's sorrows sing;—and let the Muse resound
The strains which Hope, gay-smiling, breath'd around.

Why ceases my lay to resound 35

The sweet-blooming charms of the fair?

Does beauty in vain shine around,

To lighten the pressure of care?

Has sweetness forsaken the grove,

And the Graces that pleas'd me before? 40

Does my breast glow no longer with love?

Do the nymphs appear comely no more?

Ere now did I sing without art,
Their beauties and graces divine ;
How gently these steal on the heart, 45
What sweets in their union combine !—
Ah me !—what avail'd the soft strain,
Though with Fancy's gay notions it vied ?
When Lucy appear'd on our plain,
Transported I saw her, and sigh'd ! 50

In vain Imagination did soar
On the wings of youthful desire ;
In vain it rang'd round ev'ry shore,—
What nymph to her charms can aspire ?
In vain the soft heart did I praise, 55
And the virtues to beauty conjoin'd ;
She spoke,—but how mean were the lays
Which Fancy's fond visions design'd ?

As the dawn of Aurora she's mild,
She's gentle and soft as the dove ; 60
What graces shone forth when she smil'd,
By tendernefs form'd, and by love ?
Her beauties shine bright as the morn,
And fair as the dew-sprinkled rose ;
Such virtues these graces adorn, 65
I would—if I could but disclose.

In the pleasing amusements of youth,
How oft have I carelessly stray'd,
The heart-throbbing murmurs to soothe,
And sing the gay song in the shade ? 70
In innocence roll'd the swift days,
With joy the vales pleasingly rung,
All Nature bloom'd fair,—for my lays
Nought but love and delight ever sung.

Now Lucy shall grace the soft strains, 75

And brighten the grottos around ;

Her charms shall be prais'd by the swains,

And her name through the groves shall resound.

The nymphs rosy garlands shall bring,

Their honours to Lucy t' impart ; 80

Her beauties divine they shall sing,

And the lovelier charms of her heart.

Ye shepherds, come join in the song,

Inspir'd by fond love and delight,

Let Mirth through the vales glide along, 85

And Pleasure enliven the fight ;

The woodlands and flow'ry retreats,

Transported shall echo the strains ;

Delight shall spread round all her sweets,

When Lucy shall shine on our plains. 90

When the sweet-blushing smiles of the dawn,

The morning's bright beauties unveil ;

We exult as they gild the gay lawn,

And the day's coming glories we hail.

So rejoicing in Love's gentle sway, 95

I'll Hope's pleasing visions carefs,

And look forward in joy to the day,

Which shall crown all my toils with success.

Thus sung the Swain, when op'ning Love display'd

Its infant charms, and all its beauties spread. 100

Sweet did it bloom—its glories fair appear'd,

And bright the prospects expectation rear'd.

But doom'd to wander far from RONA's stream,

His absent Love still wak'd the plaintive theme.

Happy the man, whom virtuous love inspires, 105

And whose fond maid each gentler virtue fires :

Who mildly listens to his tender pain,
And bids him hope her envied smile to gain.
Her gladd'ning preference cheers where'er he goes,
Each passion calms, and settled peace bestows. 110
Her voice he hears in ev'ry pleasing sound,
Her form he sees in ev'ry bloom around.
With fond delight Remembrance loves to trace
Each scene departed, and each sprightly grace.
Her smiles enamour'd rise improv'd to view, 115
And all her charms their radiant bloom renew.
Though far remote he hears and sees her still,
Hangs on her smile, and waits her sacred will.

On distant shores, his love LEANDER sings,
And with her name, each vale and woodland rings. 120
At morn, at noon, and ev'ning's setting close,
His lay resounds, and thus beguiles his woes.

What scenes of delight rise around ?

What graces adorn the gay feats ?

Ev'ry plain with fresh verdure is crown'd, 125

And Nature pours forth all her sweets.

In beauty array'd are the groves,

And the virgins in gracefulness shine,

At ease the swains warble their loves,

And smile amid pleasures divine. 130

But, alas !—through the meads as I rove,

Why bursts from my bosom the sigh ?

Why still do I muse on the grove,

Where Lucy enraptures the eye ?

Dear region of bliss and delight, 135

Where peace, love, and innocence reign !

Where beauty still beams on the sight,

And Lucy enlivens each scene !

Ah, Lucy!—thou sweet-smiling fair,
In Love's mildest graces array'd; 140
How thy presence dispell'd ev'ry care,
How thine absence bedims ev'ry shade!
With delight ev'ry bosom was fir'd,
The gales whisper'd gladness and ease;
Ev'ry scene gentle transports inspir'd, 145
'Twas her smile that made ev'ry thing please.

But, alas!—here I pensively stray,
For where can such pleasures be found?
In vain Fancy sheds her bright ray,
It gilds not the gloom that's around. 150
Though the bow'rs finer views may disclose,
And the meads breathe a richer perfume,
Yet give they serener repose,—
Or shines there a lovelier bloom?

Though Love here the heart gently warms, 155

And the damsels in loveliness rove ;

Yet to me what avail all their charms ?

Can these be compar'd with my Love ?

In Beauty's bright graces she shines,

Her form how enchanting to see ! 160

How Love all its sweetness combines,—

She's the first of the fairest to me !

The music that breathes through the plain

With delight strikes my list'ning ear ;

Yet should she but raise the soft strain, 165

'Tis the sweetest of transport to hear.

Though the grottos around be as fair,

And as lovely the rural retreats ;

Yet in vain they my sorrows impair,

If Lucy shine not on the seats. 170

While penfive thefe thoughts I purfue,

O'er my bofom foft Hope fheds a beam ;

Thefe joys Heav'n again may renew,

And Lucy again be my theme.

Ah, Hope !—thou fond foothers of care,

175

Thou sweet'ner of Mis'ry's fad breast !—

How thy fmile cheers the gloom of defpair,

And lulls all my sorrows to reft !

Come, ye Swains ! pour your numbers along,

All your graces, ye Virgins, combine ;

180

I will join in your mirth-loving fong,

And warble my charmer divine.

Hafte, ye moments, glide fwiftly away,

And reftore me my Lucy again ;

Her charms fhall awake my fweet lay,

185

And her fmile all my sorrows refrain.

As some lone turtle in a gloomy grove,
With ceaseless murmurs mourns his absent love ;
So his fond cares the swain incessant pours,
And with his warblings cheers the ling'ring hours. 190
On rapid wings the rolling Seasons fly,
And Spring again enchants the gladden'd eye.
With joy he hastes to WOLGA's blissful grove,
And glad explores each well known haunt of love.
To LUCY's Bow'r, that sweet retreat, he flies, 195
Where beauty blooms, and love and pleasure rise.
Here as he roams the walks to mem'ry dear,
Music's soft sounds assail his list'ning ear.
Sacred to Love, the charming feat he gains,
And, as he muses, sings these artless strains. 200

'Tis the voice of my Love which I hear,

'Tis her smile that enlivens the plain ;

See the lambkins transported give ear,

And their music the warblers restrain.

To yon flow'r-sprinkled grove she retires, 205

For a while from her toils to repose ;

To mark the delights Spring inspires,

And their rosebuds the roses disclose.

'Twas here, in this blooming retreat,

That her beauties first burst on my view : 210

Here my vows she first heard me repeat,

And bade me to Love still be true.

“ Take this Rose in remembrance of me,

“ She said, while I breath'd my soft pain,

“ As it charms, though pluck'd off from the tree, 215

“ Let your love still its ardour retain.

“ See yon murmuring sweet-cooing doves,

“ What tenderness glows in their breast ?—

“ See yon linnets enliv'ning their loves,

“ As they tend their fond charge in the nest. 220

“ Were our love as sincere and as true,
“ Life’s sorrows would cease to distress;
“ Ev’n age its past joys would renew,
“ And death would but waft us to bliss.”

With deceit the false charmers may teem, 225

But she knows not the arts that impose;

Her soul is as pure as the stream,

That pictures the sky as it flows.

In her bosom such tenderness reigns,

The least wound she trembles to give, 230

She melts at the sufferer’s pains,

And hastes the oppress’d to relieve.

These flow’rs for my Love are design’d,

Sweet emblems of beauty’s fair bloom;

It shall fade,—but the charms of her mind 235

Shall graces still brighter assume.

In joy the hours rife to my fight,
When like thefe on her bofom I'll reft,
In her love tafte the fweets of delight,
And repofe all my cares in her breaft. 240

Her prefence fhall cheer ev'ry toil,
And life all its joys fhall combine,
For with LUCY around me to fmile,
All its horrors the gloom fhall refign.
Inclos'd in the arms of my love, 245
And fecur'd by the Guardian of men,
The tempeft around me may rove,
But its rage fhall affail us in vain.

How vain are your dreams, ye fond fwains !
Who Life's fleeting pleasures purfue ? 250
Who fcorn what compenfates your pains,
And chace what eludes ftill your view ?

Here delight undisturb'd cannot stay,
Though blessings unnumber'd abound,
While the moments of bliss speed away, 255
Let us taste the sweets Heav'n pours around.

But see—my lov'd charmer appears,
How graceful in beauty she shines!
With her smile the bright season she cheers,
And Nature's gay prospects refines. 260
She comes to remove ev'ry sigh,
My bosom exults at her voice!
To her presence transported I fly—
May bliss still around her rejoice!

How blind are mortals to the plans of Fate? 265
What varying changes mark this transient state!
When crown'd with bliss, we deem no danger nigh,
Till ruin comes, and wakes the hopeless sigh.

While with full speed LEANDER fought the bow'r,
Ah ! little thought he of the changeful hour ! 270
That Love's fond hopes that day would overthrow,
End all his joys, and be the first of woe.

In charms refulgent LUCY moves along,
With nymphs furrounded and a sparkling throng :
With custom'd joy he hails the much-lov'd fair, 275
And ardent longs her gracious smiles to share.
With looks confus'd, she sees the swain advance,
And deigns to hail him, but with eyes askance ;
That gladd'ning smile which wont his soul to cheer,
Its sweetness lost, and frown'd with look severe. 280
Amaz'd he stands, and marks the splendid train,
Her air disorder'd, and her alter'd mien.
A festive crowd far distant bright appears,
And shouts of mirth assail his wond'ring ears.

When, lo ! a swain before him glitt'ring stands, 285
Who grasps her hand, and all her care commands ;
He sees her lean enamour'd on his arm,
Breathe tender love, and spread each smiling charm.
The Heav'ns that moment low'r, shades veil the sky,
And black'ning tempests force the nymphs to fly. 290
All Nature mourns, wild howlings fill the vale,
While sad LEANDER learns the faithless tale.

To grace the dance, the sprightly maid had gone,
Where, bright with splendour, gay MIRANDO shone.
Struck with her charms, the courtier lowly bow'd, 295
Implor'd her pity, and his flame avow'd.
Unmindful of her vows, she heard his pray'r,
And gave consent his dazzling pomp to share.
To courtly haunts they hasten to depart,
To seal their nuptials, and their loves impart. 300

Around the maids in festive crowds convene,
To bid farewell—and cheer the parting scene.

At this sad tale, deep anguish fills his breast,
Speechless he stands, confounded and oppress'd.
The faithless tale fain would he disbelieve, 305
Distrust his eyes, and his sad thoughts deceive.
Arous'd at last, he quits, with bleeding heart,
The dismal scene, where each look points a dart.
Of past delight the once-lov'd haunt he leaves,
Withdraws in silence, and, unpitied, grieves. 310
The gladd'ning scenes the menials' cares employ,
And swains unfeeling join the gen'ral joy.
Soft as he mourns, the woodland warblings rise,
And turtles coo responsive to his sighs.
Lone as he roams, the pitying lambkins gaze, 315
The flowrets droop—the fragrant bloom decays.

'Mid Joy's loud shouts, the distant lowings found,
And sadd'ning Melancholy reigns around.

At ev'ning's close, he seeks the silent shades,
And pours his sorrows to the echoing glades. 320
Slow as the sun declines, which in the morn
Beheld him blest, now wretched and forlorn,
To disappointed Love, he breathes these strains,
And soothes his bosom, as he mourns his pains.

Now, ye swains! cease the sweet-flowing lay, 325

Soft joy smiles no more in the shade ;
Ye lambkins, now carelessly stray,
With Lucy all pleasure is fled !

Ah ! vain are my hopes of delight,

And the prospects of bliss so divine ; 330
Fond hopes which enchanted my sight !
Could sweets so transporting be mine ?

'Twas madness these visions to prize,

Could I hope for her love-breathing smile?

O, ye swains, Love's delusions despise, 335

They ravish at last to beguile.

But so fair, so accomplish'd a maid,

Unmov'd I could never behold,

Her charms such high pleasures display'd,

I preferr'd them to treasures of gold. 340

In sweetness so mild did she shine,

Who could dream e'er of falsehood or art?

Yet a passion so tender as mine,

Ne'er breath'd from a tenderer heart.

On the language of smooth polish'd guile, 345

My passion could never rely;

It glanc'd in the soul-melting smile,

It spoke in the heart-heaving sigh.

Oft I muse on the dawn of my love,
When her charms first enraptur'd my view, 350

Oft I paint the sweet scene in the grove,
And ev'ry past pleasure renew.

Transported I cherish'd the flame,
The moments ran smiling along ;
The vales sweetly echo'd her name, 355
And her smile still enliven'd the song.

'Twas but lately I stray'd o'er the lawn,
And Nature in beauty was crown'd ;
The linnets saluted the dawn,
And peace, love, and joy shone around. 360

Now all is in sadness array'd,
And horror environs the plain :
Sweet pleasures !—oh, where are you fled ?
Ye days of delight, roll again !

But cease these lov'd scenes to review, 365

Muse no longer on Love's soft alarms ;

'Tis in vain—the fond maid I pursue,

And Lucy, though faithless, still charms.

Ah, Love !—now delusive and vain,

What delights did thy raptures inspire, 370

Though remembrance awakes the sad pain,

The sad pain still I love to admire.

The thoughts of past joys so divine,

Shall soothe while they raise my sad moan ;

The wilds shall their horrors resign, 375

As I muse on the days that are gone.

The flow'rs which I rear'd for my love,

The violet, carnation, and rose,

The bow'rs and the sweet-breathing grove,

As they bloom, shall diminish my woes. 380

Ye wilds !—to your glooms I will fly,
And my heart-moving sorrows resound,
Where no fair faithless maid shall come nigh,
Nor Love spread its tumults around.

For the groves bliss no more can impart, 385

Nor is Hope now in sweetness array'd ;
Joy cheers now no more my sad heart,
All pleasure with Lucy is fled !

No more the rural cares awake delight,

Fled is each joy that charm'd LEANDER'S sight ; 390

Alone, in cheerless solitude, he roves,

Deserts the hamlets, and frequents the groves.

The nymphs and swains who heave the pitying sigh,

He now beholds with a suspicious eye.

No more he seeks the bow'rs, or haunts the plain, 395

Trims the neat garden, or regards the strain.

He scorns the rural joys and sylvan sports,
Forfakes the shepherds and their gay resorts.
The fragrant shrubs no pruning care receive,
No grateful dews the fading plants relieve. 400
The flocks, untended, range at large the plain,
And lambkins seek the tuneful lays in vain.
Encumb'ring shades the mossy bow'rs inclose,
And spreading brambles choke the beauteous rose.
The graceful arbours lose their balmy sweets, 405
And flaunting briars climb the woodbine seats.
O'er spreading weeds the pebbled walks deform,
The tender shoots fall blasted by the storm :
The lovely blooms, o'erwhelm'd, all wither'd lie,
The flow'rs, unheeded, bend their heads, and die. 410
Ev'n all the arts of polish'd life stand still,
Improving elegance, and works of skill,
All lie deserted, all unfinish'd stand,
The sad remains of Love's all-conqu'ring hand.

Far from the haunts of men he wand'ring strays, 415
Through mazy wilds, and desert's lonesome ways.
To banish care, each soothing plan he tries,
But Peace, though courted, still before him flies.
His woes he warbles to the desert air,
While rocks resound these wailings of despair. 420

Afar from the haunts of deceit,
I wander in search of repose,
But where is the peaceful retreat,
That can soothe into silence my woes?
Distress human art can remove, 425
And Time ev'ry grief can disarm,
But, alas!—the sad sorrows of Love
No mortal invention can charm!

Ah!—fatal delusion of Love!

While keen its fond paths we pursue, 430

We ne'er dream that bewilder'd we rove,

And bid all enjoyment adieu.

Oh, deem not your bliss too secure,

Ye, who Love's winding mazes do tread,

We scarce reach the charms which allure, 435

Ere the dream that enchants us is fled !

Through the des'late wilds as I stray,

Can I cease my hard fate to bemoan ?

While each bird that warbles its lay

Reminds me of days that are gone. 440

The flow'rs that unheeded do rise,

The vales that the echos renew,

The mountains that swell to the skies,

All bring my lost love to my view.

Ah !—why did I gaze on her charms ? 445

Why view so enamour'd her bloom ?

Why cherish the flame that still warms,

And only can cease in the tomb?

Ah! why did I sigh for her love,

As if raptures so sweet could be mine? 450

Why hope that she constant would prove,

Where falsehood and art so combine?

Oh!—how soon do our pleasures decay!

Bright a while shine our hopes in the morn,

But the Sun rolls not half on his way, 455

Ere they vanish, and leave us forlorn!

I fondly indulg'd the false dream,

Nor once thought on life's fleeting joys,

Till plung'd in Despair's whelming stream,

I awoke never more to rejoice! 460

In vain Spring renews its fair blooms,

Can it Love's faded pleasures repair?

Its sweets in vain Summer resumes,

It cheers not the gloom of despair.

Though his fruits smiling Autumn wave round, 465

Can they gladden my woe-worn breast ?

Though Winter's loud tempests resound,

- Can they lull my sad sorrows to rest ?

But why these lov'd scenes do I mourn ?

These illusions, O Mem'ry, erase : 470

Ye years of gay childhood return,

Roll again—O ye innocent days !

Paint, Fancy, the flow'r-sprinkled plain,

The hamlets, and sports of the grove ;

But your songs, ye sweet warblers, refrain, 475

Oh, repeat not the tales of your love !

Spread, ye Deserts, your desolate waste,

Ye Wilds, all your horrors disclose ;

To your dreary recesses I haste,

In silence to weep my sad woes ! 480

Ye nymphs, and ye swains, now adieu !

Farewell, all ye joys that alarm !

For its sweets Love no more shall renew,

Its sorrows no comfort can charm !

Thus sung LEANDER to the desert wild, 485

While fond remembrance his sad cares beguil'd.

The pleasing grove, by Love so long endear'd,

The graceful bow'r which Taste and Fancy rear'd,

Delight no more ;—he flies his native plain,

And seeks in distant climes relief from pain. 490

Through barren wastes, and fertile fields he roams,

Haunts peopled towns—and ranges mould'ring domes.

The hill he climbs, and mounts the tow'ring steep,

Whose cloud-capt top the soaring eagles sweep ;

Where wid'ning streams, through vales roll far below, 495
Or raging seas in thund'ring billows flow.
The awful grandeur of the scenes sublime,
Exalts the soul, and sinks the ills of time.
Here, rais'd on high, he unconcern'd surveys
The empty vanities the world displays, 500
The cares of Wealth—Ambition's ceaseless toils,
Pleasure's vain dreams—and Love's insidious wiles.
His woe-worn breast its long-lost peace regains,
And Joy a while alleviates all his pains ;
But when descending, he resumes his toils, 505
Anguish returns, and Sorrow back recoils.
Still to his view, Love's faded scenes arise,
Still they enchant, and still awake his sighs.

At times, amidst the musings of despair,
Enlivening visions cheer the gloom of care. 510

To his fond heart the dreams of bliss return,
And Love's bright flames in blazing fury burn.
In all her charms, he sees his LUCY smile,
Regard his passion, and his woes beguile.
His soul she calms,—she breathes the tenderest love, 515
Joy swells his breast, and Peace gleams from above.
On silken wings the pleasing moments fly,
And scenes of rapture charm his joyless eye.

While Night around her sable curtain throws,
And sunk in slumber mortals taste repose, 520
Dreams of delight steal on his sleepless soul,
And back again the hours of transport roll.
While future woes their dismal shades unveil,
And dark'ning ills with whelming cares assail.
Through pathless wilds he seems with her to stray, 525
Deep whirlpools cross, and shun the light of day.

Her luring form, which still he strives to clasp,
Still leads him on, and still eludes his grasp.
Rude cliffs he climbs, and precipices steep,
Till, headlong plung'd, he wakes his woes to weep. 530

Swift as these visions fly, sad Sorrow reigns,
And rankling Care its penfive gloom regains.
Departed scenes still bright before him rise,
And silent Anguish heaves its restless sighs.

Sad as he roam'd GOLCONDA's dreary vale, 535
His wand'rings reach'd a Hermit's lonely cell.
Far in the wilds, with cliffs o'erhung, it stood,
By hills immur'd, amidst a shelt'ring wood.
Here, far from man, and to the world unknown,
ALONZO liv'd, untended, and alone. 540
In Life's gay morn, the toils of state he bore,
In splendour shone, and Fame's bright laurels wore ;

Yet here in solitude, and musing praise,
He pass'd the ev'ning of his better days.
Life ceas'd to tempt, its dazzling dreams were o'er, 545
The World allur'd, and Pleasure charm'd no more.

With gaze sedate, the Sage the wand'rer views,
Salutes him kindly, and discourse ensues.
With simple fare, he feasts his welcom'd guest,
Dispells his cares, and cheers his grief-worn breast. 550
Pleas'd with each other, each his tale recites,
Dwells on the past—and mourns long-lost delights.

In varied converse roll'd the hours away,
When rising stars announc'd departed day.
On beds of heath they seek serene repose, 555
And lose in sleep their pleasures and their woes.

Soon as Aurora wak'd the rosy dawn,
And tuneful warblings fill'd the desert lawn,
The hymn of praise the pious Sage refounds,
And with the Sun resumes his daily rounds. 560
A while he rests, to point LEANDER'S way,
To charm the past, and light Life's future day.
Before they part, a deep-felt sigh he heaves,
And, with his blessing, these instructions leaves.

Farewell, my son ! Life's destin'd course renew, 565
But cautious tread, and Wisdom's path pursue.
False is the world, its joys and cares are vain,
Distrust its smiles, its threat'ning frowns disdain.
Beyond it look to a serener sky,
To scenes more lasting bend your longing eye. 570
Short is the vale of life, endure a while,
And endless joys shall crown bright Virtue's toil.

Seduc'd by Vice, I wander'd long astray,
And, deaf to Wisdom, bow'd to Folly's sway.
Desire to satiate, each mean art I priz'd, 575
And, lost to Virtue, inward peace despis'd.
With eager glance I chas'd each fleeting shade,
And keen pursued where furious passion led.
With mad career I scal'd Ambition's steep,
'Trac'd Glory's fields, and brav'd the swelling deep. 580

For know, my son, beneath this russet stole,
A warrior stands, who dar'd proud states controul;
Who courts once trode, and long in grandeur shone,
Though now forgot, deserted, and unknown.
From ancient kings my noble lineage sprung, 585
With whose fam'd deeds exulting EUROPE rung.
In early life I fought the fields of fame,
And, rich with honours, gain'd a mighty name.

My glowing breast, my King, my Country fir'd,
I rul'd his councils, and his arms inspir'd. 590
O'er rebel lands, I roll'd the thund'ring war,
And, crown'd with laurels, soar'd on Glory's car.

With pow'r, with wealth, with thousands at command,
What weak restraint my pleasure could withstand?
'T' increase my treasures, and each wish complete, 595
I scorn'd no art, nor guile, nor false deceit.
Each scene of-joy I roam'd without controul,
Revell'd in blifs, and drain'd the poison'd bowl:
At large the wilds of guilty Love I rang'd,
Broke through each tie, and human blifs derang'd. 600
To feeling dead, I Virtue dar'd defile,
Ravage sweet Innocence, and Beauty foil.

Ah!—deeds of horror—once my chief delight,
How bleeds Remembrance at your guilty sight?

Ev'n now, with dread, these scenes recur to view, 605
Torture my soul, and anguish'd woe renew.
Still to this hour they rouse the groaning sigh,
And, in this desert, cloud my peaceful sky.

What tears have fall'n to wash their guilt away,
Propitiate Heav'n, and threaten'd wrath delay. 610
But sighs nor tears can guilty deeds efface,
Nor mould'ring Time their deep-fix'd mem'ry raze.
From Heav'n, each morn, forgiveness I request,
And Peace descends to calm my wounded breast.

Thus warn'd, my son—seek not in Vice to find 615
That heartfelt joy which glads the virtuous mind.
In Life's rough path, avoid Guilt's tempting snare,
Ponder each step, and watch with jealous care ;
O guard your heart, each vicious thought subdue,
Live undefil'd, and Heav'n still keep in view. 620

Go then in peace—for that bright World prepare,
And rise from earth, eternal joys to share.

Thus spake the Sage, in silence then withdrew,
And left the swain his wand'rings to pursue.

With thoughtful steps he pass'd the dreary clime, 625
And oft revolv'd the varying scenes of Time ;
The past returns—and as its changes rise,
He pours these breathings to the dark'ning skies.

Ah !—little know we of our future fate !
How dark the prospects of our present state ? 630
From what in life our chief delight we deem,
Our greatest woes, and saddest mis'ries stream.
Love once so fair, now blasts my pleasing joys,
And all the hopes I fondly rear'd destroys.

In ev'ry dream of Bliss it form'd a part ; 635

Now it is fled, and sorrow wrings my heart.

Yet, what this mis'ry to the tortur'd breast,

Which guilt confounds, and robs of midnight rest ?

Say, ye who tread the flow'ry paths of sin,

And Pleasure chase through guilt and madd'ning din, 640

What is your joy?—your starts of seeming bliss?

Ev'n when each wish is crown'd with full success?—

When festive Lux'ry spread the sumptuous feast,

With precious sweets and perfumes of the East ;

When sparkling wine the golden goblets crown'd, 645

And warbling Music breath'd her melting sound ;

When, deck'd with roses, loose-rob'd Pleasure smil'd,

And tempting Love to crim'nal bliss beguil'd.

Was not enjoyment in a moment o'er,

Fled was the banquet, and delight no more ? 650

Ev'n at the last, did not your guilty joy
Sting as a serpent—as a snake destroy ?

Say, ye who range the wilds of guilty love,
And Joy pursue, where wand'ring passions rove ;
Who steal like thieves through night-veil'd shades for prey,
Dissolve each tie—with artful wiles betray, 656
And, luring Virtue to your guileful snare,
In ruin plunge the trembling shrinking fair.
What are your stol'n delights—your boasted joys—
But shades of bliss which ev'ry breath destroys? 660
Ah !—poor rewards for such incessant toil,
Virtue to blast—and Innocence despoil !
What can compensate fame and virtue gone ?
Or soothe the woes of Innocence undone ?
Can scenes of guilt the tortur'd bosom heal, 665
Silence remorse—or vengeful fears conceal ?

Can aught avail to lull sad cares to rest,
Or charm that peace which flies the guilty breast ?
No !—Guilt still stings—still wakes the anguish'd sigh—
And from its pangs we vain attempt to fly. 670

Happy the man who keeps the narrow road,
That leads to bliss, and Glory's bright abode :
Who ne'er declines to Vice's winding way,
Nor wanders far from Virtue's gentle sway.
Evils may rise around, and mis'ries reign, 675
For Virtue here must varied woes sustain ;
Our hopes may die—our sweetest pleasures fade,
And dark'ning gloom o'er ev'ry prospect spread ;
But conscious Virtue bids each tumult cease,
Inspires Contentment, and eternal Peace, 680
Soothes ev'ry sorrow—lightens ev'ry toil,
And bids bright Hope for ever round us smile.

THE
SORROWS OF LOVE.



BOOK III.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Poem proceeds to describe the fatal effects of Love on Leander.—Comparison of his present state with that of his earlier days.—Renouncing Love as the source of his woes, he sings a farewell to its cares.—Amidst his solitary wanderings he meets upon the sea-shore with Phœbe, who gives an account of her love with Edwin, and his unhappy shipwreck.—Musing on the unfortunate of other times, and disclaiming the consolations of Fancy, he sings a tender farewell to Lucy.—Relinquishing the vanities of Life, he contemplates futurity.—In the Groves of Morna, he meets with Matilda, the Maid of Selma.—Her story, and songs of hopeless Love.—Leander returns to his native plains; and, determined to withstand the Sorrows of Love, bids farewell to the World, in his address to the Ruins of Time.—Conclusion.

THE
SORROWS OF LOVE.

BOOK III.

AS Philomela, in some silent grove,
With piteous wailings mourns her ravish'd love,
The livelong night she sings her plaintive strain,
And distant vales resound her sorrowing pain :
So, mid the wilds, LEANDER cheerless strays, 5
And to the woodlands pours his mournful lays.
Ah ! what avail the honours once he bore,
The fame he gain'd, and graceful charms he wore ;
Though once he shone the foremost in the throng,
The first in science, as the first in song ; 10

Fall'n are his laurels, and his glories gone,
Forgot his graces, and his hopes undone !

Hard fate of man, from fuff'rings ne'er reliev'd,
Still charm'd with blifs, and still with blifs deceiv'd !
Ah ! tyrant Love, why foonest fire the heart, 15
Where glows each virtue, and each manly art ?
Why fpread thy fmiling beauties to the view,
Inspire fond hope—and then its bloffoms ftrew ?
Why bid delufive charms Life's fcenes adorn,
And leave thy vot'ries defolate to mourn ; 20
In defert wilds their mis'ries to deplore,
Their prospects blafed, and their joys no more ?

To fad LEANDER ev'ry fcene is chang'd,
Each fond purfuit, and ev'ry haunt he rang'd ;
Ev'n dewy Eve, and Morning's bright'ning rays, 25
No trace retain of joys of former days.

Thrice happy days !—when with the lark he rose,
Heedless of cares, and unconcern'd for woes.
His cheerful lyre enchanted ev'ry grove,
And fill'd the valleys with the songs of Love. 30
When birds their warblings ceas'd at close of day,
His pipe renew'd the sweet melodious lay.
Pleas'd Philomela listen'd as he sung,
And all the groves with strains of rapture rung.
Charm'd with the song, the sun-beams griev'd to fly, 35
And Hesper linger'd to ascend the sky.
The glowing stars their twinkling rays delay'd,
And Night, unwilling, drew her dark'ning shade.

Yet that fond theme, which form'd his sweetest strain,
Delightful Love—now wakes unceasing pain. 40
From this sad source, his deep-felt sorrows flow,
His faded pleasures, and his hopeless woe.

The once-lov'd theme no more attracts his lay,
For, pierc'd by Love, he pines in grief away :
Its joys no more he wishes to regain, 45
Its power he scorns, and hates its tyrant reign.
The vows he once preferr'd he now reclaims,
And all its cares in this farewell disclaims.

When early Spring her balmy sweets unfolds,
And op'ning flow'rs their fragrant blossoms rear, 50
Th' exulting heart beats high, and pleas'd beholds
The coming beauties of the blooming year.

Soft glow'd my bosom in Life's early day,
When Love around me breath'd his tender sighs,
I felt his pow'r, I fought to own his sway, 55
And bright'ning Hope bade all her glories rise.

Charm'd with delusive blifs, I thoughtlefs stray'd,
And idly travers'd Fancy's winding streams ;
I ftill purfued the fleeting, tranfient fhade,
Till Lucy came, and banifh'd Fancy's dreams. 60

Glad I fubmitted to her gentle reign,
In charms ftill lovelier feem'd each morn to rife ;
With flatt'ring hope fhe artful footh'd my pain,
Faithlefs fhe left me, and the vifion flies !—

Ah, Love !—it was not thus thou once didft charm 65
My credulous heart with fcenes of future woe ;
Far nobler hopes did my fond bofom warm—
Far nobler joys thou faid'ft thou would'ft beftow.

Through Love's gay wilds I fought not free to range ;
To roll in joys that flow not from the heart ; 70

Grandeur I scorn'd, and Glory's varying change ;
I fought the sweets Love only could impart.

Ah, cruel Love !—what pangs thy flatt'ries wait !
With luring wiles thou spread'st thy fatal snare,
'To blifs thou point'st—while mortals find too late, 75
Thy smiles are death—thy joys lead to despair.

Forgot for ever be thy tyrant reign !
In deep oblivion sleep thy fancied joys !
Those restless cares, O Mem'ry, ne'er retain,
Efface each scene that now my blifs destroys. 80

Oh !—bring me back the smiling halcyon days,
Which spent in innocence did ever please !
When free from care, and pass'd in harmless plays,
The Morning rose, and Ev'ning set in peace.

But, ah !—the winged hours no trace retain, 85

Time cannot stop—nor rolling years return !

Pleasures once past can never bloom again,

Nor mis'ries gone, rise from their peaceful urn !

Hard is your fate, ye gen'rous feeling few,

Who sadly groan beneath this treach'rous foe ; 90

Your fetters burst, to false Love bid adieu,

And from your heads his rosy garlands throw.

The form that charms does not for ever please,

To hours of love unkind disgust succeeds ;

Affection changes, soon do raptures cease ; 95

For lasting blifs from mortals still recedes.

Love may amuse you with each fond alarm,

And Hope enchant with many a golden dream ;

But soon shall disappointment break the charm—

Despair shall plunge you in its whelming stream. 100

Short is the passage through this wretched vale,

Patient endure—delight at last shall bloom ;

O seek not in dark low'ring shades to veil

The few sad days assign'd us as our doom !

Swift as a dream Life's fleeting pleasures fly ; 105

No trace behind Time's winged footsteps leave ;

Riches forsake—honours forgotten lie,

Friendship betrays—and Love's fond smiles deceive.

Ah, faithless Love ;—thy empire I disown !

How hast thou marr'd enjoyment's scanty store ? 110

Blasted by thee, my pleasing joys are flown,

Hope, drooping, fades, and bliss delights no more.

To me no more Mirth's cheering strains resound,
Nor circling Seasons spread their beauteous bloom ;
Life charms no more—Night darkens all around, 115
And grim Despair oft points to yonder tomb.

But bright beyond it shines a lovelier scene,
There Bliss in ceaseless bloom for ever blows ;
There, Love's fond joys, which ne'er rise here serene,
Unfading smile, and boundless sweets disclose. 120

In these bright regions Guile is never found,
Nor Art nor Falsehood spread their tempting toil ;
Peace ever reigns, the strains of Joy resound,
And Truth and Innocence for ever smile.

To Love divine their hallow'd hearts they raise, 125
And all its sweets inspire their grateful strain :

In heav'nly Love they pass their endless days,
And round them still eternal pleasures reign.

Thus sung the swain far in a lonesome glade,
Where drooping willows form'd a mournful shade. 130
Sad as he strays, he marks Time's silent flow,
Revolves its changes, and its varied woe.
Still courting peace, he roams from plain to plain,
When full before him rose the spacious main.
The rising summit of a hill he gains, 135
And from its tow'r surveys the winding plains.
Here as he views the sea-shores stretch'd below,
A maid appears in weeds of sable woe.
Onward she came, with sadd'ning grief oppress'd,
Tears fill'd her eye, and sighs o'erpower'd her breast. 140
Oft was her view fix'd on the rolling deep,
Silent she gaz'd, and oft she turn'd to weep.

By Pity mov'd, LEANDER hails the fair,
And strives to soothe the throbbing pangs of care.

These sighs, sweet maid, bespeak deep-rooted woe, 145
And these lov'd scenes make all your sorrows flow.
From yon wild waves, you wait a friend's return,
Dear to your soul, whose absence sad you mourn ;
Or, haply here, these tender walks recall
A parent gone—or brother's early fall. 150
But, ah !—lov'd maid, weep not Life's fleeting joys,
Ills here abound—and ruin still destroys.
Time's rolling years may yet your bliss renew,
Light Sorrow's gloom—and bid Hope bloom anew.

Ah !—courteous swain, replied the sorrowing fair, 155
Lost joys I mourn, which Time can ne'er repair.
From me, yon waves all that I valued tore,
My Love is gone—and Hope can charm no more !

You weep, and haply know what lovers feel,
Hear then the woes my sighs in vain conceal. 160

Yon blooming groves my infant days beheld,
Where Fortune smil'd, and all her charms unveil'd;
My father's only child, my mother's care,
Each joy was mine which mortals wish to share.

Beyond that vale, a stately villa lies, 165
Where EDWIN shone, for whom these sorrows rise.
Dear was the youth—of ev'ry grace possess'd,
Which strikes the eye, or fires the blameless breast.
In early years, together oft we came,
Our toils, our studies, and our sports, the same. 170
As up we grew, a tender passion mov'd
Our artless hearts, and ere we knew, we lov'd.
Beneath yon oak, which tops the waving grove,
Our vows we pledg'd, and promis'd constant love.

On ev'ry tree he carv'd my much-lov'd name, 175
And ev'ry vale rung with my rising fame.
Our loves we breath'd oft by this murmuring rill,
And fung our cares along that winding hill.
Oft from yon sky-topt tow'r we view'd the shores,
Ey'd the rich sails—nor envied India's stores. 180
When sudden storms the wandering ships beset,
We mourn'd their lot, and blest'd our happier fate.
Ah!--little thought we that these tender fears
Were but the prelude to an age of tears !

Swift flew the days of youth, and manhood came, 185
Which rous'd his bosom to aspire at fame.
With Science' stores he grac'd his op'ning mind,
Improv'd his genius, and his heart refin'd.
Though dear to Love, the vales now pleas'd no more,
He long'd for glory on a distant shore. 190

I saw his ardour, and his choice approv'd :

My smile arous'd him, and each doubt remov'd.

With eager glow he fought the martial field,

The foe to humble, and his country shield.

My hand he grasp'd, and as he said adieu, 195

Renew'd his vows, and bade me still be true,

With laurels crown'd, expect his fond return,

And cease his stay with fruitless tears to mourn.

I saw him go—his bosom heav'd a sigh,

And oft on me he turn'd his tearful eye. 200

He joins the fleet, the joyous crew set sail,

The streamers fly, and zephyrs swell the gale.

Each warrior longs to signalize his name,

And ardent pants to tread the fields of fame.

But, ah!—how soon do Hope's fond dreams decay ! 205

Scarce had they reach'd the Ocean's boundless sway,

When, lo!—dark-gath'ring clouds involve the sky,

Streams pour in torrents, and the lightnings fly.

By starts the breezes shift—hoarse murmurs rise afar,
The storm loud howls, and winds tremendous war. 210
With wild uproar, the furious tempests sweep
The high-swoln waves, and heave the foaming deep.
Night hastens on—the trembling pilots fly,
Their toils in vain the frightened sailors ply.
With thund'ring roar the bursting gulphs resound, 215
And instant ruin threatens all around.
No moon, no star, imparts its glimm'ring light,
To cheer the horrors of the dreadful night.
Toss'd by the surge, the fleet far-scatter'd drive,
Aloft, now low, as raging billows strive. 220
Thrice 'gainst the shelves my EDWIN's vessel struck,
And thrice descending dash'd the deep sunk rock.
On ev'ry eye now sits terrific gloom,
And ev'ry moment threatens a wat'ry tomb.
Wish'd morning dawns—but, ah!—it brings no aid, 225
The vessel fills—the fleet is distant spread.

In vain the crew look for their native shore,
A wave rolls o'er them—and they rise no more !

A while my EDWIN stems the furious main,
Till, spent with toil, he sees each effort vain. 230
My woes, ev'n then, engage his trembling fear,
And thrice he calls upon his PHEBE dear.
With hands uprais'd, he Heav'n implores to save,
Then, fighting, plung'd beneath the swelling wave !

Ah !—now in vain his fond return I wait, 235
His smile no more shall cheer my joyless state !
While sad I muse, past pleasures to prolong,
I chide the gales, and think he tarries long.
Again I hear him, on the fatal deep,
His PHEBE call—and all my sorrows weep. 240
Here as I walk, each scene his love endears,
Each tree, each flow'r, draws forth my gushing tears.

Yon bow'r—yon sea, which oft engag'd our view,
All wake his mem'ry, and my woes renew.

Ah ! ruthless stream, which plung'd my true love low,
Roll soft thy waves, in peace around him flow ! 246
Thou hast, my EDWIN !—nor can worlds restore
Those scenes of bliss which Hope shall gild no more.
My eyes no more my EDWIN's form shall view,
My lips have breath'd the last, the long adieu. 250
Till Death's soft hand shall ease my love-lorn woe,
These sighs must rise---these tears must ever flow !

Sad, lovely maid ! sad is your mournful tale !
Nor can soft Pity's soothing strains avail.
Yet take these sighs a pitying stranger heaves, 255
Who mourns the woes which Hope in vain relieves.
May that kind Pow'r who pierc'd your bleeding heart,
Bind up your wounds, and healing balm impart !

Adieu, lov'd maid ! may Time its lenient hand
Spread o'er your pangs, and gentle peace command ! 260
Oft shall your tale amid my wand'rings rise,
Recall your woes, and wake my tenderest sighs !

Thus spoke LEANDER, as he left the maid,
And, lost in grief, regain'd the lonely shade.
When press'd with cares we fly the crowded domes, 265
And seek the haunts where silent sadness roams.
The pangs of grief the wretched only know,
And from their own they feel for others woe.
To soothe his cares, he joins the love-lorn train,
And wide expatiates Sorrow's lone domain. 270
Sad he revolves the woes of ancient times,
And hears the wailings of far distant climes.
The faithless loves of Grecia's verdant shades,
Rome's hapless griefs, and Persia's cruel maids,

All rise before him as his own he views, 275

And fire the anguish of the plaintive muse.

But Fancy dares not spread her airy dreams,
No soothing smile from woes ideal gleams.

Sweet JULIA's shade no grateful charm bestows,
Her form recedes—and Pity vainly flows. 280

Ev'n LUCY's smile no more his bosom warms,
Cheers his sad heart, or wakes Love's soft alarms.

Before his view the faithless charmer stands,
But, though once lovely—now no love commands.
Her glories fade, her mem'ry dies away, 285

Lost in the breathings of this parting lay.

Amid the lone wand'rings of woe,

What ray can enlighten despair?

Can pleasures departed bestow

No soothing relief from my care? 290

With a mournfully-pleasing delight,

On joys that are vanish'd we muse :

But no comfort these scenes can excite,

Where Sorrow its sighs still renews !

If tendernefs ever could dwell,

295

Where grace ev'ry beauty difplay'd ;

Delight fure had blefs'd my lone cell,

Nor would Pleafure with LUCY have fled.

What delight did her charms once infpire ?

What fweetnefs diftill'd from her tongue ?

300

To behold her the eye did not tire,

Nor the ear to hear as ſhe fung.

I fought not in grandeur to ſhine,

Nor to roll amid treasures of gold ;

I only ask'd LUCY as mine—

305

And all her ſweet charms to infold.

Ah, Nature!—why grace the false heart,

With ev'ry bright charm that can blow?

Why conceal deceit, falsehood, and art,

Where truth, love, and innocence glow?

310

In Grandeur's gay mansions go shine---

Go dazzle with Beauty the fight;

On Pleasure's soft roses recline,

And explore ev'ry scene of delight.

Too soon shall you find, as you range,

315

That happiness here does not dwell;

Too late you shall wish to exchange

The throne for the turf-cover'd cell.

For know, that Bliss often disdains

The palace, the court, and gay seats,—

320

To smile with the nymphs on the plains,

And grace their more humble retreats.

While the deep-heaving sigh and forc'd smile,
Oft cover the great's galling woes ;
The swains smile in peace as they toil, 325
And the night but invites to repose.

In the gay flaunting crowds you may shine,
And blaze in the smooth-flowing dance ;
Your adorers may hail you divine,
And your praise to the stars may advance. 330
But, alas !—can Grandeur's gay wreath,
And the trappings which glitter above,
Compare with the ardours that breathe
From the heart of affection and love ?

Adieu—lovely Lucy—adieu ! 335
Ev'ry trace of the past I remove ;
I resign you your vows to be true,
I return ev'ry pledge of your love.

In your Love I repos'd all my joy,

And thought ev'ry blessing mine own ; 340

And sure none could ever enjoy,

Such blifs as with you I had known !

Farewell, my false charmer, farewell !

Ev'ry pleasing past pleasure adieu !

Delight shall no more with me dwell, 345

Nor Hope its fair blossoms renew.

Yet around you let Blifs ever bloom,

And Love all its sweets still display,

Let Delight fairer charms still assume,

And Joy still enliven the lay. 350

Should Remembrance e'er wake in your breast

Any trace of the days that are gone ;

Let Care ne'er embitter your rest,

Nor Mem'ry e'er cause you to moan.

Amid the gay pleasures around, 355

May Heav'n still guard you from ill ;

Let your days with delight still be crown'd,

And Peace its soft blessings distill !

While Time's swift days on rapid pinions roll,

Its soft'ning balm relieves LEANDER's soul. 360

The tow'ring rock—the whirlpool's fatal stream,

Sad ease of old to Love's deceitful dream,

In vain allure to end his troubled sighs ;

To such resorts the coward meanly flies.

Beyond the world, and all its vain desires, 365

He soars aloft, and glows with nobler fires.

Its tempting scenes no more attract his breast,

Nor its false changes rob his soul of rest.

Till Life's last hour, he purposes to stand,

Its smiles to scorn, and all its ills withstand. 370

In that abode, where sleep in soft repose,
The poor and great, and those who once were foes,
He sees his sorrows end, and from the gloom
Beholds new glories brighten round the tomb.
Pleas'd with the view, that day he patient waits, 375
Which shuts this scene, and opens th' eternal gates.
To ev'ry joy of Time he bids farewell,
And longs to soar where endless blessings dwell.

Amidst his wand'rings to deceive his woes,
He rang'd the groves where winding MORNA flows. 380
Than MORNA's maids no virgins lovelier shine,
None taste such blessings as her swains divine.
A milder air its genial influence spreads,
A ceaseless verdure crowns the happy meads.
Nature's best fruits in wild luxuriance grow, 385
And wide around blest Peace and Plenty glow.

Along its banks the neatest villas rise,
And graceful mansions strike the wond'ring eyes.
The nice-built cots bespeak the hand of care,
While golden fields th' improver's toils declare. 390
High o'er the vales the waving forests bend,
And distant spires the varied views extend.

Here as, alone, he rang'd the peaceful plain,
Its breathing sweets assuag'd his anxious pain.
In all its charms the flow'ry season shone, 395
'The meadows bloom'd, and beauty reign'd alone.
On ev'ry tree the cheerful warblers sung,
And rural toil his lab'ring sinews strung :
'The Sun declining downward shot his ray,
And gentle zephyrs fann'd the blaze of day. 400
To rest a while, the sultry breeze he flies,
And seeks the shades where SELMA's tow'rs arise.

Soon as the arbours to his sight appear,
The sweetest accents steal upon his ear.
In plaintive strains the vocal numbers rise, 405
And fill with melody the bending skies.
At times the lute resounds its trilling lay,
Swells its loud notes—and trembling dies away.
Soft as the Music warbles through the glades,
At ev'ry pause sad Echo fills the shades. 410
Again the lute in melting lays complains,
And list'ning zephyrs pant upon the plains.

Struck with the scene, he seeks the bow'rs around,
Whence the soft warblings through the groves resound;
When, lo!—beneath a woodbine's flaunting shade, 415
In Sorrow's garb he sees a beauteous maid.
Mild were her looks, her form divinely fair,
Bright were her charms, and graceful was her air.

On her white arm her drooping head reclin'd,
Like the blown rose by boist'rous show'rs inclin'd. 420
In waving ringlets loose her tresses flow'd,
And fragrant flow'rs around her bosom glow'd.
Down from her neck a golden portrait hung,
Which still she view'd—and still her bosom wrung.
Her lute beside her on the turf was laid, 425
Where purple vi'lets fragrant odours spread ;
Around the seat the bloomy jasmynes twin'd,
And trembling poplars o'er the grot reclin'd.
Beneath the bank soft flow'd a murm'ring stream,
And warbling thrushes join'd the plaintive theme. 430

Rous'd from her grief, the mournful lute she strings,—
With notes melodious ev'ry arbour rings.
Again, she wakes the sadly-pleasing lay :—
The melting strains in echoing grots decay.

Love forms her song—of faithless Love she sings, 435

And oft to view her joys departed brings.

Sad as she sings, her bosom ceaseless sighs,

And bursting groans at ev'ry pause arise.

Come, Fancy, come,—recall, by Mem'ry's aid,

Scenes that are past—and joys for ever fled. 440

Roll back the hours with Bliss enchanting crown'd,

When Pleasure bloom'd, and Peace strew'd roses round.

Oh! bid the dreams of flatt'ring Hope arise,

Raise her high tow'rs, and paint her golden skies.

Sweet—fond deceiver! was thy soothing strain, 445

Still warbling joy—still charming future pain.

But, ah!—no more thy visions cheer my sight,

Love clouds the scene—and blasts each fond delight.

Ah, Love!—how pleasing thy deceitful smile!

We dream of bliss—nor think thou canst beguile. 450

Thy wiles deceiv'd, thy falsehood pierc'd my heart,
And joy nor hope can one fond charm impart.
Reviv'd by Spring, all Nature blooms anew,
But Love's lost joys no vernal gales renew.
I sigh alone—depriv'd of bliss, I mourn ; 455
Life's charms are fled, its joys can ne'er return.
Condemn'd to tears, I pine in wasting care,
Each hour that rolls but darkens sad despair.

Here, as she ceas'd, she rais'd her streaming eyes,
And sees LEANDER melted at her sighs. 460
Sudden she starts—in haste she flies his sight,
And leaves him speechless as he views her flight.
'Twas SELMA's maid—the pride of MORNA's grove,
Whose smile to win a thousand lovers strove.
In youth her charms a gentle swain had fir'd, 465
Who gain'd her heart—and Love's soft cares inspir'd.

Graceful they rose, in ev'ry charm they grew,
Joy smil'd around, and Time in rapture flew.

But, ah!—delusive dream—another came,—

'The maid was left to weep her hopeless flame. 470

Corroding grief consum'd her lovely bloom,

Her cheerful soul assum'd a mournful gloom.

Increasing woe its painful sorrows spread,

And wild disorder seiz'd the hapless maid.

To soothe her cares she seeks the silent shades, 475

Flies far from man, and haunts the lonely glades.

Mov'd at MATILDA's woes, he leaves the grove,

And sad deplores the fatal wiles of Love,

Wide o'er the waste, he treads the pathless dale,

Or seeks the windings of the lonely vale: 480

With joy beholds the tumbling cat'racts gleam,

And marks the mazes of the murm'ring stream.

Through trackless wilds he seeks his devious way,
Where love-lorn shepherds never wand'ring stray.
Alone he climbs the mountains tow'ring brow, 485
And views the haunts where falsehood roams below.
Soft as the wild notes from afar resound,
And bright'ning Nature spreads her charms around,
Calm Contemplation lulls his cares to rest,
And gentle Peace inspires his languid breast. 490
Aloft he raises his exalted eye,
And views the climes that shine beyond the sky.
With joy he hails that ever-blooming scene,
Where all is peace, and pleasure smiles serene ;
Where, freed by death, the children of despair, 495
Forget in bliss their sorrows and their care.

The maid of SELMA, and her piteous woes,
Oft strike LEANDER as he wand'ring goes.

To view this victim of deceitful Love,
He seeks again the bow'rs of MORNA's grove. 500
Scarce had he reach'd the arbour's peaceful shade,
When full to view appear'd the beauteous maid.
Pensive she leans upon a turf-built urn,
Which fragrant flow'rs of sweetest bloom adorn.
Bright wreaths of roses deck her graceful brow, 505
And purple violets scatter'd lie below.
Around the seats the myrtles rear their shade,
The birch and willows wave their drooping head.
A range of limes soft murm'ring spreads around,
And deep beneath the gurgling streamlets found. 510

Unseen, LEANDER had beheld the fair,
Afraid to wake the anguish of despair.
When sunk with woe, she tunes the plaintive lyre,
And sounds melodious heav'nly joys inspire.

The soothing notes each sorrow lull to rest, 515
And banish mis'ry from the woe-worn breast.
Again she wakes the sweet enchanting strain,
And with these lays consoles her wretched pain.

Ah!—lovely Hope, how soon thy beauties fade!
Fall'n are thy blossoms, and thy sweets decay'd!— 520
Where tender Love in mildest glory smil'd,
Sad ruins reign—and desolations wild.
The morn of life, which rose serenely bright,
Now storms o'ercloud, and veil with shades of night.
Ye hours of Bliss!—ah!—whither are ye fled? 525
Dear scenes, return—your sweet illusions spread.
But, ah!—departed years who can restore?
Joys that are gone to mortals rise no more!

Ah!—faithless Love, by me too fondly press'd,
Fled are thy visions, and thy dreams so blest! 530

Erewhile around me shone each fair delight,
Love gayly smil'd—and pleasure charm'd my sight.
Ah!—happy days!—your alter'd change I mourn,
False is my Love—and Bliss can ne'er return.
Love smiles no more—yet still I own his sway, 535
His darts still pierce me—and my pow'rs decay.
Dark shades around me rise where'er I turn;
Peace flies far off, and rests on yonder urn.

Ah!—silent Grave!—thou peaceful bed of rest,
Where sleep in peace th' oppressor and th' oppress'd!— 540
There friends and foes—the false and faithful lie,
And in oblivion lose each painful sigh.
Love wounds no more—nor mis'ries ever vex,
Care never pains, nor strugglings e'er perplex.
Oh—lonesome Grave!—when shall my wand'rings end,
And all my suff'rings to thy shades descend? 546

Forgot my sorrows and my joys shall lie,
And gloomy darkness seal my slumbering eye!

Yet Night eternal shall not always reign;
The Day shall dawn that gilds Death's dark domain. 550
Bright from the tomb the mould'ring dust shall rise,
To endless joys in climes beyond the skies.
Roll on, ye hours, that ever-glorious morn,
Which wakes the slumberings of the peaceful urn.
Your bright'ning smiles, celestial dawn, display, 555
Retire each shade, and rise eternal day!
Then faithless Love shall bliss no more beguile,
But one bright scene of ceaseless joys shall smile!

Sweet as the song these joy-inspiring strains,
Celestial Music fill'd the vocal plains. 560
Charm'd with the lay the swain transported stands,
Peace soft descends, and Bliss around expands.

Rous'd by his sighs, the lovely mourner views
The pitying stranger, and her grief renews.
Soft as he weeps, her bosom heaves with pain, 565
But all he does to soothe her is in vain.
She marks his care—but tears unceasing flow,
And bursting sighs bespeak her poignant woe.
She views the swain—the portrait—and the urn,
And on her soul the gath'ring glooms return. 570
With eyes uprais'd, she views the happy shore,
Where sorrow reigns, and mortals weep no more.
Away she hastes——Adieu!—she only said,
And hid her woes in SELMA's op'ning shade.

Angels of grace!—your wings around her spread, 575
Calm her torn soul—and peace celestial shed:
Guard her through life—then waft her to those plains,
Where Joy still blooms—and Love eternal reigns!

Deep on LEANDER's soul, the woes remain
Of SELMA's maid, and oft he mourns her pain. 580
But fond to view the scenes of happier days,
He leaves the groves where sad MATILDA strays.
The vales he seeks where first the lyre he strung,
And those bright streams where Love's fond cares he sung.
But, ah!—how chang'd—what desolations reign? 585
Fall'n are the cots, and gloom o'erspreads the plain.
The smiling meads no grateful charms adorn,
No bright'ning beauties grace the blushing morn.
Waste lie the fields—the flocks wide range alone,
Fled are the shepherds, and the virgins gone. 590

Deep in the vale he seeks his humble bow'r,
And patient waits Life's last concluding hour.
On Life's past scenes he muses as a dream,
Forgets his cares, and wakes the heav'nly theme.

With Man no more at variance, nor with Love, 595

He soars on high to scenes of bliss above.

His latest lays Time's ruin'd joys deplore,

The vales resound them, and he sings no more.

In radiant charms the smiles of Morn arise,

And bright a while Day's op'ning glories shine ; 600

But low'ring shades soon dim the cloudless skies,

Night spreads her gloom, and veils each ray divine.

So Life's gay morn in beauty shines serene,

And smiling Hope her lovely blossoms spreads ;

But soon—too soon sad sorrow clouds the scene, 605

And pleasure gone, we mourn the black'ning shades.

The varied Seasons circle round in haste ;

To Summer's bloom the flow'ry Spring gives way,

And Autumn yields to Winter's howling waste,

When Nature fades, and all her charms decay. 610

So days and years in varying change succeed,

And swift conclude Life's short contracted span :

Childhood soon flies—Youth rolls with winged speed,

And Age consumes the full grown strength of man,

Delight soon withers like the rose that fades ; 615

With joys to come, Hope cheers each anxious toil :

Bliss sweetly blows—wide op'ning Pleasure spreads,

And Life's gay charms in shining glory smile.

But, ah !—sad Disappointment blasts our joys,

On eagle's wings our best-lov'd pleasures fly : 620

Each smiling hope all-conqu'ring Time destroys,

And ruin spreads on all that charms the eye.

Nor is it age that ends our fleeting days ;—

The darts of fate incessant round us fly :

While beauty fades, youth falls, and strength decays ;—

Ev'n smiling Innocence but blooms to die ! 626

All ranks and ages share one gen'ral fate ;

Wealth, pow'r, nor grandeur can avert the doom :

The young, the old—friends, foes—the good, the great—

All lie promiscuous in the lonely tomb. 630

But, ah !—Time triumphs not o'er man alone ;

Change and destruction wide their ruins spread :

All creatures fall—the oaks, for years that shone,

Demolish'd lie like summer flow'rs that fade.

Proud cities—states—and pow'rful empires share, 635

The wasteful change that sweeps this earthly ball :

Art's strongest monuments dissolve in air ;—

Ev'n Nature's works wax old, and mould'ring fall !

Wide-raging Ruin shall this great globe assail,

And all the sky's deep-fix'd foundations raze ; 640

The sun—moon—stars, shall all extinguish'd fail,

And Heav'n and Earth in one wide ruin blaze.

Then Time shall cease—and from its mould'ring tomb,
In heighten'd charms new Heav'ns and Earth shall rise;
'There ceaseless bliss in endless smiles shall bloom, 645
And day eternal glad the cloudless skies.

Then sigh no more, though pleasures swiftly fade,
Nor mourn, though woes with constant cares molest :
Here ills may rage, and toils and mis'ries spread,
But all our suff'rings in the grave shall rest. 650
Rage on, ye Ills !—ye Mis'ries ! round us fly ;
Time shall destroy you as the joys we mourn ;
In one sad ruin, good and ill shall lie,
But lasting Bliss shall flourish from the urn.

Haste, then, ye ruin'd scenes !—your fury pour— 655
O'er all my joys your desolations shed ;
I wait my destin'd ills—I hail the hour,
That lays me prostrate with the silent dead.

In hope I look to distant brighter climes,
Where nobler scenes and purer joys abound; 660
Where pains shall cease, and toils and hateful crimes,
And Love ne'er spread his forrowing cares around.

Farewell, ye scenes of Time—ye vain desires!
Dreams of delight which wak'd the constant sigh;
To nobler scenes my panting soul aspires— 665
On higher joys I bend my longing eye.
Adieu, ye Swains—ye lovely Maids, adieu!
Adieu, ye vales—sweet scenes of happier days!
Adieu, ye Groves—ye Bow'rs still charm the view—
Farewell, false Love—farewell my mournful lays! 670

Cease, then, the song :—ye Nymphs, the theme retain,
And let the vales resound the plaintive strain;
While o'er the seas BRITANNIA rules supreme,
And Love and Beauty haunt the sylvan stream.

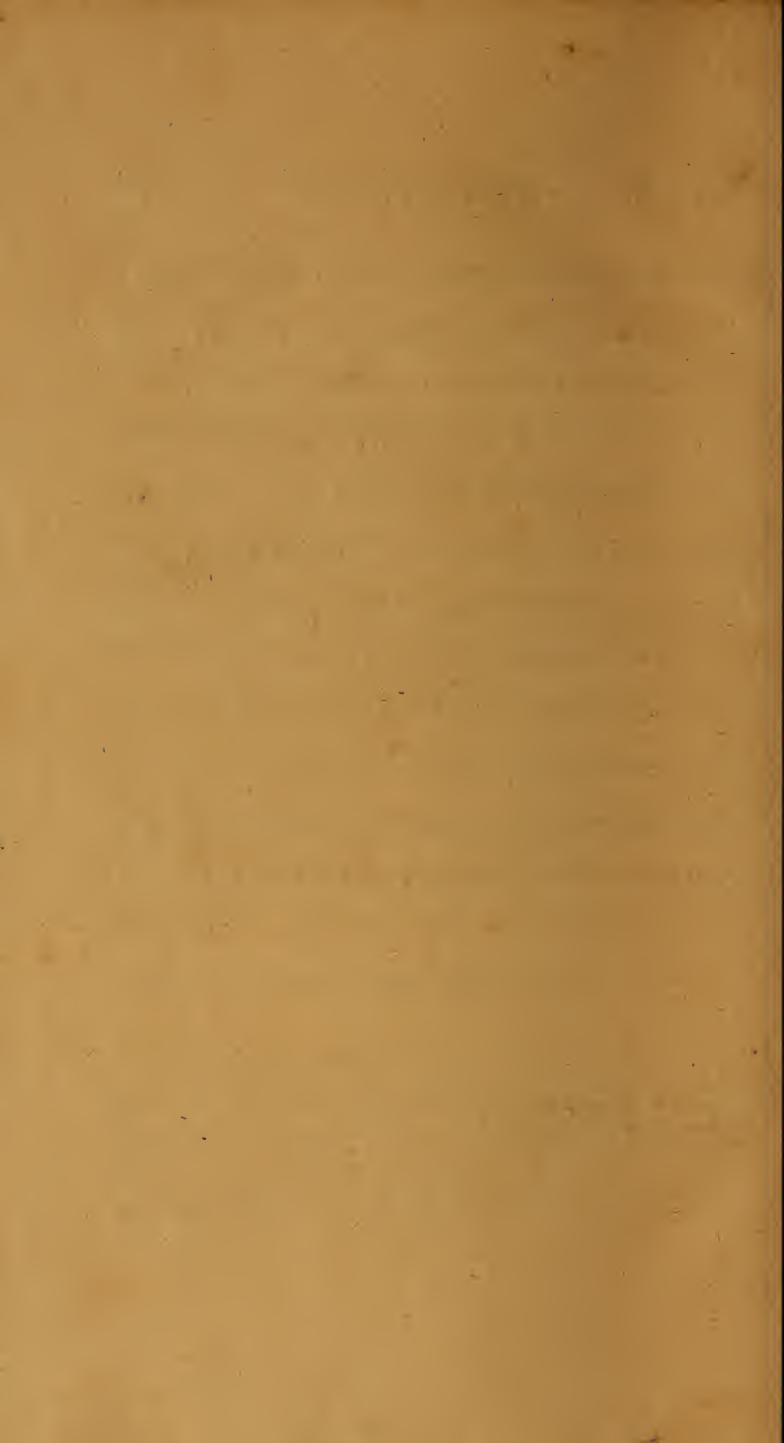
Enough that in these sad disastrous times, 675
When War and Discord waste surrounding climes :
When mighty GEORGE, thro' EUROPE'S* wide domains,
Resists the storm, and ancient laws maintains ;
Of haughty FRANCE restrains th' impetuous rage,
And stems the downfall of a threaten'd age ; 683
Erects his flag on ROME's devoted tow'rs—
O'er EGYPT's ravag'd shores his thunder pours ;
Pursues the foe through JUDAH's pleasant land,
And wide o'er INDIA spreads his conqu'ring hand ; 684
When his proud sails sweep SPAIN and HOLLAND's fleets,
Crush DENMARK's pride, and shake the NORTHERN seats :
Enough for me, that safe on SCOTIA's plains,
I tune the reed, and sing the rural strains.

* It may be unnecessary to remark, that these lines allude to the very brilliant and unexampled victories, which, by the blessing of Divine Providence, have attended the arms of the British empire, during the present ever-memorable war, from its commencement down to the 1st of May 1801.

Strong in the aid of Heav'n, great GEORGE, pursue
The road to Fame:—th' aspiring GAUL subdued : 690
Set desolate EUROPE free—break Slav'ry's chain ;
And wide o'er all let settled Order reign.
Let Vice, Impiety, and Error cease,
And cleanse the Temples of the Prince of Peace ;
O'er ASIA's plains the light of life extend, 695
Heal AFRIC's woes, and her long sorrows end ;
O'er INDIA, East and West, the joys entwine
Of social Bliss, just Laws, and Hope divine.
Then long shall BRITAIN reign :—Discord shall cease,
And round the World shall bloom the sweets of Peace !

THE END.

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